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THE GRAND DUCHESS ALEXANDRA FEODOROVNA (PRINCESS ALIX OF HESSE), THE AFFIANCED BRIDE OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum may be true of Czars, but it is not true of wits. When a gentleman distinguished for epigram departs from us, it is appalling what jokes are attributed to him, under the genuine impression, no doubt, that they are good jokes. This is especially the case with wits who have coruscated in a limited circle; since it is the more necessary to give examples to the general public, who have not had the advantage of their acquaintance. It seems certain that Father Healy, for instance, was, at the very least, very good company; yet what poor proofs of it are afforded by the would-be biographers! On his death-bed, we are told, having some difficulty in breathing, he was asked whether he was "distressed." "Not at all," he replied; "on the contrary, many people owe me money." This is called the ruling passion strong in death, and is supposed to be witty. Why? Again, a very good saying is attributed to him, which did not come from Ireland at all, and has been familiar as a household word to all retailers of good things for years. "Give me Heaven for the climate, but the other place for the company." An unlikely remark (let us hope) for a priest to make, and one, indeed, which, as everyone knows, was "made in Germany." It is fair to say, however, that all quoted "good things" lose in the telling, and only the very best of them, such as Douglas Jerrold's, give any adequate idea of the colloquial powers of their originator.

The Italian Government, it is said, have decided to recruit their finances by abolishing all metal ornaments on military uniforms, by which it is calculated that it will save a million of money. In countries where the conscription is established this reform will, perhaps, have no serious consequences, though it will certainly not make the military profession more popular; but under such circumstances there would be, we may be sure, no more volunteering. Think of our Life Guards with epaulettes of worsted! What becomes of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war if you deprive it of its metal—and its medals? It would be only one step further to do away with its brass instruments. Think of a regiment without its band! Who would join it? who would follow it through the streets? Not a single boy. If our world were one of reason and common-sense, these matters might be considered superfluous, but this is far from being the case, and one fears this well-intentioned attempt to relieve national expenditure will prove a misdirected economy.

In the side-lights which are occasionally thrown upon the mode of life of princes in the diaries of diplomatists and courtiers, one of the strangest things to the outsider is the immense attention paid to personal decoration. It is only natural that crosses and insignia which have been earned in the field should be worn with pride and be considered of great importance, but in nineteen cases out of twenty they have not been conferred upon these royal personages for any merit whatever; they are merely an accident of their birth. Yet the pleasure, we are told, they take in them is extreme; they are as interested about the wearing of this and that order as a young girl going to a ball, and gloat over the drawers in which they lie as she does over the contents of her wardrobe. It seems ridiculous and absurd enough, but the love of tinsel is not, we may be sure, confined to reigning families, and decorations, even when they have no significance beyond their glitter, give a vast deal of pleasure to their wearers at a trifling cost. An old diplomatist of my acquaintance, who was covered with these insignia of honour, was once interrogated as to which decoration he most highly valued; he put his finger upon a very small Portuguese star. "But why?" they asked of him. "Because that is genuine, and all the rest are paste." It always strikes one as playing a little "low down" on the part of our "fountains of honour" that their gifts are understood to be mostly imitation and not much thought of at Attenborough's.

Perhaps these stories are told by persons who have no decorations, and take delight in depreciating them; but I think it must be admitted that a regard for them when unearned shows a deficiency in humour. This is, in fact, the great lack in all Court life. I don't remember to have read of any royal personage, save Charles II., with a grain of it. An ancient riddle tells us what Majesty would be if deprived of its externals, but it never is. If it were not taken very seriously it would be impossible, perhaps, so to speak, to carry on the business. At the Court of Siam it is the custom, from motives of reverence, to go about on all fours. That must be very trying, one would think, to a monarch with any sense of fun. Even the habit of walking backwards, as at our own Court, would upset some people I know. But the most striking proof of the absence of humour in high places is the way in which Czars and Kaisers speak of their own virtues and attractions. Next to the Creator, and at no very great interval, they beg to call the attention of their people to their royal house, to which universal reverence is the due. "So long as you are loyal to us," they say, "Heaven, which has manifestly appointed us to rule over you, will bless you." No suggestion of ill taste or bad form seems to intrude upon these amazing egotists. In the manifesto issued

by the new Czar, we read, and rub our eyes as we do so, that "the strength and stability of Holy Russia lies in her unbounded devotion to us." One might say to him, as Sergeant Merryweather said to the stranger who addressed him as "Mr. Jones, I believe," "Sir, if you believe that you will believe anything." Yet it is quite possible, thanks to a total and complete absence of humour, that he does believe it. The want of that attribute is essentially a royal gift.

There is now, it seems, some legal difficulty, which I do not understand, in the disposing of one's body beforehand to the surgeons. Some newspaper correspondents pathetically complain that this convenient arrangement is barred to them, notwithstanding that, having certain interesting and rare diseases, they ought to be posthumously valuable to science. At the same time one can imagine that this sort of investment is always a little risky: when a man comes to selling his body, he has probably had some previous financial experiences of a more or less respectable kind, and would, perhaps, have no strong objections to sell his soul. He is often of that class of whom we say, "I trust him as far as I can see him," and how are we to keep our eyes upon the movements of a security of this description? He has got his money, but we have not got its equivalent, and he can walk off in any direction, and die without leaving his address. No time limit can be insisted upon, of course, in such a case; there is nothing for it but to trust to the man's honour not to be like Charles II., "an unconscionable time in dying"; but something, surely, in the nature of a space limit might legally be imposed, to prevent our property from wandering out of reach. There need be no personal supervision, which would always savour more or less of indelicacy. At one time of my life I was in the constant companionship of an eminent person who had left his head to the Phrenological Society and ten pounds to a medical friend for the job of cutting it off. I never could shake off a certain gruesome feeling at seeing these two gentlemen together. In the case of the entire corpus this would probably be accentuated.

Singular as the above method of obtaining a pecuniary advance may appear, it is far surpassed in these modern days by persons who have made themselves notorious and lie under grievous suspicion of some capital offence. They sell themselves in effigy to a waxwork exhibition, and secure, as it were, both fame and fortune by a single stroke. In the case of an individual lately accused of murder, we read that he sold the privilege of being exhibited for a hundred pounds, with two pounds a week additional to furnish him with provisions while in jail. This is a remarkable financial arrangement from any point of view, but especially from the fact that the more atrocious the crime laid to our charge, the more valuable our personality, in wax, becomes. "Jack the Ripper" would probably have commanded a sum in three or four figures, and lived like a prince (since the abolitionists of capital punishment would never have allowed his precious life to be sacrificed) to the end of his days in jail.

It is generally believed that obscurity in the writings of men of genius is nowadays an object of admiration; we often hear Pope and Byron praised at the expense of their personal successors in the realms of rhyme on the ground that they express themselves in a straightforward fashion, and we are apt to think that the demand for unintelligibility is an affectation of to-day. Disraeli the elder, who did not spare his favourites, the elder writers, points out that their public had its share in this weakness, to which they did not scruple to pander. "We do not think we have attained genius," says one of them, "till others must possess as much themselves to understand us." This would make a capital motto for certain societies which make it their business to interpret those mysterious works which have certainly the contortions if not the inspiration of the Sibyl. One can hardly imagine a more ingenious method of putting a poet's admirers on good terms with themselves. The greatest panegyric, we are told, that could be given to a composition in this school was to declare "I understand nothing of this piece." The author of "The Prophecy of Cassandra" promised (without much risk) to hang himself if anybody should understand the meaning of it. Another gentleman, who occasionally became metaphysical, was wont to argue, "Either the learned understand me or they do not. If they understand me and find me in error, it is easy for them to refute me; if they do not understand me, it is unreasonable for them to exclaim against my doctrines." People seem to have admired these gentry rather than read them, which is perhaps the case nowadays; but to a certain class—though one more cultured than intellectual—there is always a satisfaction in deciphering this sort of cryptogram. It is something similar to that experienced in getting at the meaning—or, at all events, at some sort of meaning—of a difficult translation: it took us so much trouble that we are inclined to think it must be worth it. Moreover, among a large class of persons mystery itself is grateful. Where would Freemasonry be but for its secret, and the pinchbeck pomp and ceremonies "of little meaning though the words are strong" with which it is invested? One of the great attractions of religion to many minds,

though to others it is a stumbling-block, is the maze of priestcraft; and, as though the riddle of futurity were not sufficiently insoluble, we invent Mahatmas!

The appeal of our lady employees in the Post Office for pensions is one that should excite considerable sympathy. It is the custom of this department to dismiss them when they marry, so that, in fact, it utilises them so long as it suits its convenience, and dismisses them pensionless when it has destroyed their "chances" of matrimony. Their case seems an exceptionally hard one, but the importance of a pension, however small, to all persons of narrow or no means is curiously underrated. While we are young we pay little attention to the matter; we cannot picture ourselves as superannuated; and the callings in which pensions are assured are not in the meantime tempting in the way of income. They are generally Government appointments, where the promotion is slow and the salaries advance by very small sums. Other callings seem to afford better opportunities for making money quickly, which is the ambition of almost all young people. In youth we are prone to be speculative, and are not deterred by risks. Yet just as the bold investor often regrets in his old age he had not been content with the sweet security of the Three-per-Cents., so the professional man, when drawing to the end of his career, with business growing less with his growing years, laments that he had not been content with that post in the String and Sealing-wax Office, the emoluments of which, though small, were certain, and where, above all, he would now have some provision for his old age. It is amazing how fathers with the knowledge of these things before their eyes will reject "civil appointments" for their sons, either because of the smallness of the salaries or of the sanguine views they entertain of their young Hopeful's capacity for making money. When men are past their work they fall out of the ranks and are forgotten, save by one or two of their old regiment, which goes marching on with its drums beating and colours flying, as though there were no such things as defeat and destitution in the world, or else we should more often note their pitiful condition. "Leisure in old age" was the aspiration of a philosopher in tolerably easy circumstances; if it had not been so he would probably have said a word about bread and cheese.

Mr. Marks's "Pen and Pencil Sketches" have not been published, he says, "with the remotest idea of supplying a want long felt, or at the solicitation of enthusiastic friends." This of itself gives his volumes a stamp of originality, but they have also some of another kind. Although the work is written by an artist, and necessarily on subjects pertaining to that profession, there are no dissertations upon Art—with a big A—itsself. He illustrates it very charmingly with his pencil, but he does not describe the indescribable; he does not even give us (like most of his brethren when astride their hobby) a new and improved definition of Beauty, which, as is well known, requires an education to appreciate it and professors to make it recognisable by the common eye. This is itself an immense relief to the lay reader, and the more commendable since our author is not only an artist but an art critic. The work is too long for such a notice as it deserves in these columns; it must suffice to say that no one who is interested in Frederick Walker and Charles Keene, in *Punch* and its artists, and in that varied and entertaining subject, "Models," will rise from its perusal unsatisfied. What is not the least amusing feature of the book is the disclaimer of Mr. Marks of the character of a humorist, which he complains has been unjustly conferred upon him; and yet I have a distinct recollection of hearing some gentleman very like his portrait sing, on a certain social occasion, a song of his own composition, the refrain of which was "The comic painter Marks." Let us hope, at all events, it is "only his fun" when he writes in depreciation of the dog. This in a good-humoured and kindly man is to me inexplicable. It is possible that Mr. Marks is not "fond of animals" of any kind; his attempt to disparage the dog by praising the horse makes one have one's suspicions of this, for the praise is not very hearty. If he had had other subjects in view one can imagine how he would have "made hay" of that animal: a creature who starts at a shadow, however often he comes across it; the only one who cannot be trusted to go about his business without blinkers. The dog has ten times his intelligence; but it is not for his intelligence that we love him, but for his affection, just as we love men not because they are clever but because they are kind. As for the London house-dog, he seems to me to be at once the substitute for and the complement of children. In his absence there is a certain melancholy; when his "scuffle on the stair" is heard our lips expand into a smile; and when we lose him in a few short years, how true is the poet's measurement of our calamity!

Not the course
Of all the centuries yet to come,
And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum
Of figures, with her fullness vast
Of new creation evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just his little self restore.

The depreciation of one of our greatest household blessings is a sad blot upon our author's otherwise unsullied scutcheon.

ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

III.—A NEIGHBOURLY GOSSIP.

I love gossip. For my own part, I can never see the point of the objections which some people raise against talking over the concerns of your neighbours' families. They are always so interesting. I like to know all about them. I like to pry into their most intimate secrets. I like to find out what they do with themselves all day long; and what they have to eat for dinner; and how they make their living; and where or in whose company they spend their evenings. I like to watch where they build their homes, and how many eggs they lay, and how they hatch them out, and what becomes of the fledgelings. I like to spy out where others hibernate in the woods, and what store of nuts and fruits they have laid by to provide against the Christmas scarcity. You may think this sort of Paul Pry interest in the affairs of your fellow-creatures is undignified and unphilosophic; but I confess, to me, it appears only neighbourly.

For example, there are my friends the missel-thrushes, who have just lately returned for the winter months to their commodious quarters in the hanger below me. A week or two since I noticed them flying home to the woods and parks in their thousands. They have been spending the summer months as usual on their moors in Norway; but food having lately begun to fail them on the ffields, they are coming back now in great straggling flocks to their English residences. For unlike the song-thrush, who is one of their closest and most distinguished relations, they stay with us in the winter only, and move north again betimes in late spring, as soon as their broods are reared and whortle-berries are getting cheap in the northern markets.

Questions of commissariat, indeed, have most to do with the migrations of birds; it is not weather, as weather, but the condition of the food-supply that mainly regulates their periodical movements. Now, the missel-thrush is almost entirely vegetarian in his habits; whereas his cousin, the song-thrush, subsists for the most part on a diet of worms and other miscellaneous unsavoury animals. Hence it follows, of course, that the missel-thrush must needs go where berries are in season; he follows them closely across the face of Europe, from province to province. He cannot stand great cold, however, and often freezes to death in severe winters; which is another reason why he comes south for warmth when Norwegian hills rise white with snow, and fjords are blocked with ice, and crystal-frosted pine-trees glisten in the sun with innumerable diamonds. Family parties of missel-thrushes may be seen in our fields the whole winter through; but they are timid and wary, and fly off in a body at the faintest suspicion of coming danger. You can tell them as they rise on the wing by the conspicuous white patch under the pinions, which seems, like the rabbit's tail, to act as a danger-signal to the rest of the household. No sooner does one of them scent a stranger afar off than he rises silently, and the others, alarmed by his contagious fear, rise after him one by one in a picturesque line, somewhat as one often sees in the case of wild-fowl. In February and March your missel-thrush begins to build in the hawthorns and apple-trees; and the moment his nestlings are strong enough of wing to buffet the strong winds of the German Ocean, the whole family flits north again to its Norwegian estate for the cloudberry season. The nests, however, though built somewhat overtly on bare and leafless boughs, are most difficult to find; for the cunning little architects, knowing well they will get no protection from a canopy of foliage, conceal their homes adroitly with an outer coat of woven moss and lichen, which so harmonises with the grey and lichen-covered branches around them as to make them almost indistinguishable. The eggs are stone-grey, daintily spotted and blotched with round blobs of brown ochre.

But by far the most interesting point about the missel-thrush is that curious connection between the bird and the mistletoe which was observed so long since even by our prehistoric ancestors as to have given the species its vernacular name in all European languages. *Turdus viscivorus*—the mistletoe-eating thrush—is Linneus's scientific Latin title for the creature, and he well deserves it. He is almost or altogether the only bird that will eat the mistletoe berries, and on him accordingly the mistletoe depends for the dispersal of its seeds and the propagation of its mystic parasitic seedlings. The berries themselves are very "viscid," as we say—the word itself being derived from the Latin name of mistletoe—and the seeds cling close, as if gummed or glued, to the bird's beak and feet in a disagreeable fashion. So, to get rid of them, he alights on an apple-tree or a poplar, which are his favourite perches, betakes him at once to an angle of a bough, and rubs off the annoying and sticky objects in the fork of the branches. There they fasten themselves and germinate. Now, this arrangement exactly suits the mistletoe, for apple and poplar are just the two trees best adapted for its depredations, while a fork in a bough is the one likely place where it has a chance of rooting itself. A great many unobservant people imagine to-day that mistletoe grows chiefly on oaks, because they have heard about the sanctity of oak-grown mistletoes in the eyes of the Druids. The real fact is, as you may learn for yourself if you will look at nature instead of merely reading about it at second or third hand, that mistletoe on an oak-tree is extremely rare; the Druids prized it because they thought

it the life or soul of the oak, which was the sacred tree of Celtic mythology. I notice, indeed, that missel-thrushes very seldom perch on oaks; and even when they do by chance dislodge a stray seed of mistletoe on one, it has difficulty in fixing its young suckers on the alien bark, and draining the tree's nutritious juices. The truth is, the mistletoe and the missel-thrush are developed for one another; they have struck up an alliance from time immemorial on terms of mutual service and accommodation.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

The nimble Japanese warlike movements do not lose much time in their advance to improve the results of victory. Before any American or European friendly mediation to cover the hopeless defeat of China, Port Arthur, which commands access to the Gulf of Pe-chi-li and to the shores of the metropolitan region, including Tientsin and the road to Peking, with the ancient and sacred Manchu capital, Mukden, to the north-east, may be within the invader's grasp. It was in the first week of August that the land forces of the Chinese and Japanese empires began their conflict in Corea. The first engagement took place at Asan (or Cha-san), a few miles north of Ping-Yang; and the success of the Japanese there was so far important,



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS KATE CLOUD IN "JOHN-A-DREAMS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

as it gave them possession of several roads from the eastern and western coast to Seoul, the capital city, while they had already occupied the port of Chemulpo. The Chinese army was thenceforth shut up at Ping-Yang and in the country to the north-west, a small corner of Corea, up to the Yalu, the frontier river; it was soon driven from Ping-Yang, and the remainder of its history is that of continued retreat, with two or three disastrous attempts to stop the Japanese advance towards China. Early in September, large Japanese forces having been landed at Gen-san (Wonsan) on the eastern, and at Fu-san, on the south-eastern coast, the greater part of Corea was traversed by the Mikado's troops. Seoul had not only opened its gates to them, but had allowed the erection of a triumphal arch (shown in our Illustration), through which the victors of Asan made their entry, returning from the field of battle. The war had then almost passed out of Corea, though still lingering on the Yalu till the further landing of Chinese troops there was prevented by the naval action of Sept. 17, which has been described; the Chinese fleet being disabled and compelled to retire to its own harbours, Wei-hai-Wei and Port Arthur. It is true that the Japanese fleet, much less strong, and unable to capture or sink the great Chinese ironclads, could make no pursuit after that battle. Yet the Chinese have since then done nothing more at sea; their ships have been undergoing repairs at the dockyards. Our naval correspondent, Lieutenant A. W. Wyld, Royal Marines, of H.M.S. *Leander*, contributes sketches of the *Chen-Yuen* and *Ting-Yuen*, powerful battle-ships, the *Ching-Yuen* and *Lai-Yuen*, all built of steel and heavily armoured, with their hulls severely battered and pierced with shot-holes, the upper works torn away, the funnels damaged, the masts and spars burnt, and a gun or two disabled. They were evidently not in fighting condition.

THE NEW CZAR'S AFFIANCED BRIDE.

She was "Princess Alix" of Hesse, our Queen's not least beloved grandchild, youngest daughter of our Princess Alice, the late Grand Duchess of Hesse. And now, being about to enter, in the twenty-third year of her age, into the state of matrimony with the new Emperor of Russia, to whom she agreed but a few months since to give her hand and heart, this young lady has become "the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna," complying with the Russian Court custom by taking a name belonging to the Imperial House of Romanoff, which looks back to a Feodor as its founder, we believe, in the sixteenth century. And how solemn, how deeply affecting beyond all pathetic romance, are the real circumstances of this approaching union! an act enjoined, as is well known, by the late Emperor Alexander III. as he lay dying, to be performed with the least possible delay, and the formal preliminaries of which he personally witnessed a few days before his decease! What lofty tragedy, composed by any dramatic poet, exhibits a more touching incident than that of her being summoned to a hasty journey from her home to the death-bed of the late Czar, on purpose that he, caring for the welfare of his son, anxious to secure for the Czarevitch Nicholas that blessing which to himself, the Czar Alexander, had been more precious than all the crowns of all his realms—a good wife—might see them betrothed ere he should utter the last prayer of mortality: "Lord, now let Thy servant depart in peace!" This ought to be a holy marriage, and whether or not it shall be a splendid one does not greatly matter to the future happiness of the bride and bridegroom. They shall have our best wishes, and millions, nay hundreds of millions, of simple human hearts will join in hoping that all will be well with the pair to be soon joined for life together.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

It is rare for an actress to attain so remarkable a position as Mrs. Patrick Campbell's in so short a time. Until she appeared at the St. James's Theatre in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mrs. Campbell was scarcely known to the mass of playgoers. She had been on the stage barely two years, and had played nothing more striking than Cromwell's daughter in the Cavalier and Roundhead drama by Messrs. Sims and Buchanan at the Adelphi. Even in that part acute observers detected a certain note of distinction, an individuality quite unlike the novice. It is significant of this individuality that Mrs. Campbell has never acquired what is known as a theatrical manner. Her acting is natural, sometimes to the point of ineffectiveness in parts which are not distinctly marked. In a complex personality like that of Paula Tanqueray, however, Mrs. Campbell's method has a fascination and a persuasiveness which no studied artifice can command. Her success at the St. James's was immediate, and she will always be intimately associated with the history of a tragedy which made a deeper impression on the public mind than any English play of modern times. After "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mrs. Campbell appeared in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "The Masqueraders," but not to the same advantage. In her present performance at the Haymarket in "John-a-Dreams" there is something of the grace and power which distinguished her Paula. Her future it would be hard to predicate, but there are certain characters in Shakespeare in which she ought to be admirable. In Juliet, for example, there are opportunities enough for her peculiar gifts, especially for a certain passionate and wayward girlishness of which she holds the secret.

THE NEW GERMAN PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

This magnificent new edifice at Berlin will be occupied by the Reichstag, or Imperial Diet, in the approaching Session, to which the recent appointment of a new Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Hohenlohe, succeeding Count von Caprivi, and some other changes in the Ministry, must give more than ordinary importance. The Bundesrath, or Federal Council, like the Senate at Washington, represents the States in the Union, but its fifty-eight members are appointed, for each Session, by the sovereigns or separate rulers of those States; Prussia nominates seventeen of them, Bavaria six, Saxony and Wurtemberg each four, Baden and Hesse three for each, while the smaller Grand Duchies, Duchies, and Principalities, and the free cities, have each one or two direct representatives, with four commissioners, who have no votes, for the imperial provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. This Federal Council, over which the Chancellor presides, exercises a consulting supervision, through its standing committees, over the administrative affairs of the Empire; but its foreign affairs committee is mainly formed of representatives of the four kingdoms—namely, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg. The larger assembly of the Reichstag is rather similar to the American House of Representatives, being elected by universal suffrage, with the ballot, for a term of five years: it numbers about four hundred deputies, allotted to the twenty or more different States, according to their population, at the rate of one for nearly 125,000 inhabitants. The kingdom of Prussia elects 236 deputies; Bavaria, 48; Saxony, 23; Wurtemberg, 17; Baden, 14; and Hesse, 9; the "Reichsland," or Alsace-Lorraine, elects 15. The total number of registered electors is over ten millions.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

It is no uncommon circumstance in real life that two men of opposite temperaments should battle for the same woman. 'Twas ever thus, and thus 'twill ever be. But it is strange that at this particular moment nearly all our best young actors and actresses, men and women of mark and merit, should be engaged at the same triangular duel. At the St. James's Theatre, Mr. George Alexander is a student, a dreamer and astronomer, and his ambition is to be mated to Miss Dulcie Larondie, a kind of lady-help at a country hotel bar. But he has a strong and powerful rival in Mr. Herbert Waring, who as Sir Brice Skene is the typical brandy-sodden sensualist. David Remon would win a woman with tenderness, chivalry, and devotion. Sir Brice Skene would own her by force. And strange to say, women as a rule are divided in opinion as to the most palatable method of wooing. There are as many who would be flattered by the rough attentions of a Brice Skene

the better of the two. To my mind, to begin with, it is a far finer part than the other, and gives more scope to the actor. But once an artist has played Hamlet it seems to be an unwritten rule that the public would be furious with indignation if he strayed very far from dreamland.

I sincerely hope that our clever authors and managers will not persist in keeping attractive Mrs. Patrick Campbell in a groove. It was probably the possession of such a well discussed actress that suggested the black past for the heroine of "John-a-Dreams." There is no actual reason, so far as the play is concerned, that this same heroine should have a past at all. She might have been from babyhood as pure as Dulcie Larondie, and it would not have affected the mere story in the least degree. But the dark storm-cloud of Mrs. Tanqueray hangs over the head of his picturesque actress. "You may break, you may shatter the vase as you will, but the cloud of poor Tanqueray hangs o'er it still." This has its advantages and also its disadvantages for the artist. Mrs. Patrick Campbell—small wonder!—cannot break from some of the best traditions

once more congratulating Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Charles Cartwright on their contrasted skill and force throughout this difficult play, and to those congratulations many more should be added for the dear old, liberal, broad-minded Charles Kingsley of a churchman by Mr. Nutcombe Gould, and for the really remarkable bit of true comedy that came from Miss Janette Steer, an actress who has not only made her mark, but found her line. She was excellent in "Gudgeons" the other day; she is even better now. She has the great gift of humour and a true appreciation of character; but she has also—style. The interludes of modern comedy by Miss Janette Steer, Mr. Maurice, and Mr. Ross are most refreshing and admirable.

It is no exaggeration to say that "The Masqueraders" has never been acted better than it is now. I wholly disagree with the unfortunate criticism that urges both Mr. Alexander and Mr. Waring to moderate their energy. Not a bit of it! Play up! Play up, both of you! The situation is there; the audience is with you. The success



Mr. Charles Cartwright as Sir Hubert Garlinge.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Kate Cloud.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree as Harold Wynn.

"JOHN-A-DREAMS," THE NEW PLAY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: END OF ACT III.

as by the gentler method of a David Remon. Not very far off, at the Haymarket Theatre, the same kind of battle royal is going on. Here Mr. Beerbohm Tree is the dreamer, the poet, the mystic, the chivalrous knight, and he is opposed by Mr. Charles Cartwright, who wills women to his side and hypnotises them into a semblance of devotion. But Mr. Haddon Chambers goes further than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. He makes it essential to the current of the story that two men rivals were originally friends almost to brotherhood. "Alas! they had been friends in youth, but whispering tongues can poison truth." And he makes it a *sine qua non* that his heroine before her redemption shall have gone through the fire of sin—nay, more, that she shall be the daughter of a very eminent and practised sinner.

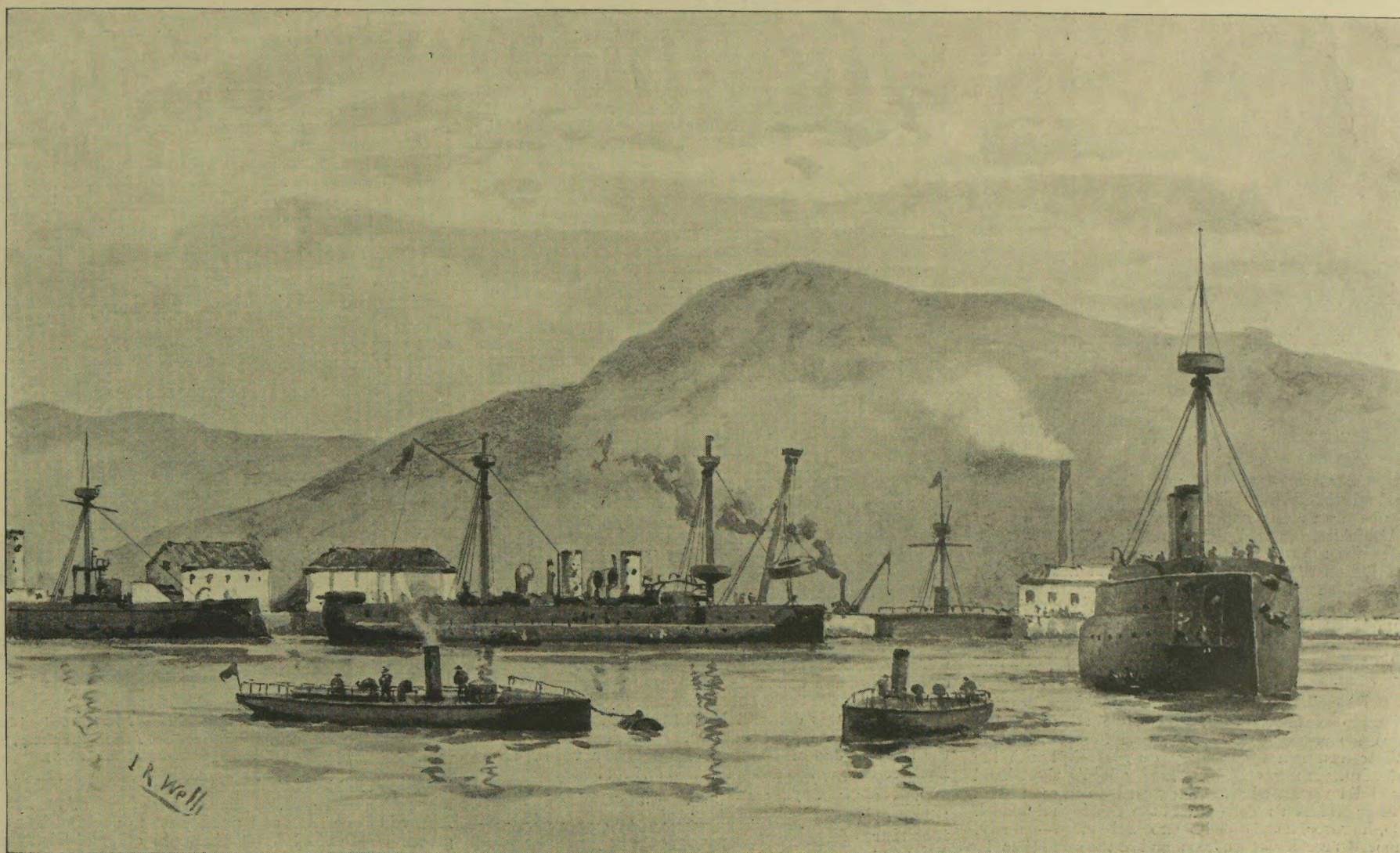
Although I do not find in the work of Haddon Chambers scenes of such powerful interest as the auction scene, the card scene, or the sublime resignation of David Remon in "The Masqueraders," and although the glow of romance in both plays differs in colour and force, still there is much that must be honestly admired in "John-a-Dreams," which has the conspicuous advantage of the personality and popularity of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. He would have played either part in the Haymarket drama admirably, and it must be only guesswork to suggest that he might possibly have acted the rough hypnotising lover

of Mrs. Tanqueray. She has acquired a habit—and it is essential that it should be instantly corrected—of dropping her voice at the end of a sentence, which makes it extremely difficult for the audience to hear the words of the author; and she cannot wholly forget that most effective trick of acting in Mrs. Tanqueray—the rapid, petulant delivery, the snapping and biting at a sentence till it falls in showers and little bits: a trick admirably effective with a character like Mrs. Tanqueray, but scarcely consistent with a Kate Cloud. The confession to the old clergyman, and the confession to the man who loves her, are far too serious and solemn for any petulance whatever, or any suggestion of irritability. We do not want to say here, "Ah! there's a bit of Mrs. Tanqueray!" but rather, "Why, she is a different woman altogether!" But the far more material point is the dropping of the voice at the end of a sentence. In all kindness and courtesy I ventured to point it out in the case of Dulcie Larondie, and was supported by the frequent cries in the audience—"Do speak up!" Undeterred, I again, in all kindness and courtesy, suggest that elocution should not wholly be neglected in the catalogue of the accomplishments of an actress. A voice is the first requisite of an artist—man or woman. The art of using it is surely the second.

It is impossible to leave "John-a-Dreams" without

of the play has been made by strong, powerful acting, and not by weak underacting. Underacting comes from an inability to act at all.

But both Mr. Alexander and Mr. Waring can act, and they stir the pulses of their audiences. Long may they do so! The fresh Dulcie Larondie, played with such conspicuous intelligence by Miss Evelyn Millard, gives a new complexion to the play. Why is it that the auction scene is no longer silly? Because the actress enters into the fun of the thing. Why is it that the card scene is no longer lop-sided? Because the actress becomes no indifferent spectator, but a part of the tragedy. Why is it that the last act becomes beautiful, and no longer dull and dispirited? Because the actress helps Mr. Alexander in his delightful love scenes, and we can understand both the anguish and the heroism of David's "Great Renunciation." But how can these things be discussed when all the beautiful thoughts in life are treated with cynical contempt and scorn? In the last act of this play, the sweet Sister Helen, so charmingly played by Miss Granville, has been urging duty and resignation on the passionately disappointed lover. So beautiful and pure are her arguments that the astonished little brother says, awe-struck in the corner, "That is the voice of God!" To me that one sentence is an inspiration; to others I find it is ludicrous. Who is right?



CHING-YUEN, 2300 TONS.

CHEN-YUEN, 7430 TONS.

TING-YUEN, 7430 TONS.

LAI-YUEN, 2850 TONS.

THE CHINESE FLEET LYING IN DOCK AT PORT ARTHUR.

From a Sketch by Mr. A. W. Wylde, of H.M.S. "Leander."



HARVESTING IN JAPAN.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Paul W. Wyatt, the new chaplain of the Savoy, is no stranger either to London or to the Savoy itself.

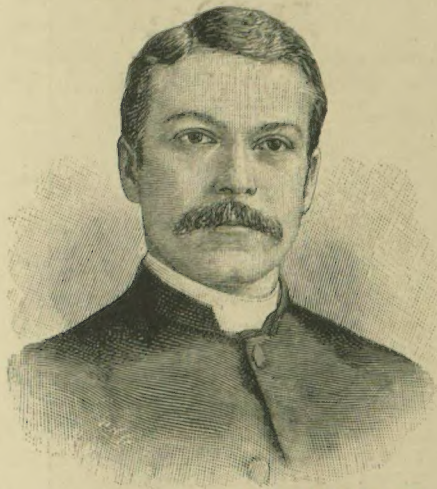
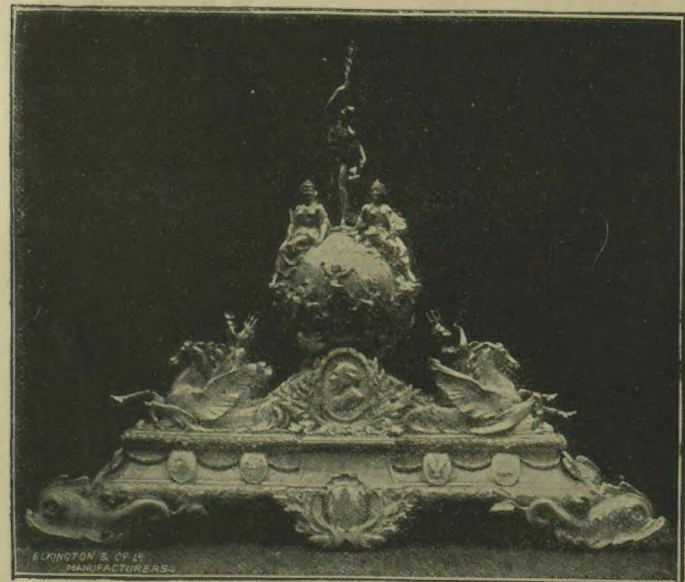


Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE REV. PAUL WYATT,
Chaplain, Chapel Royal, Savoy.

He was a close friend of the late Henry White, in whose day he often occupied the pulpit. Under Canon Curteis he was formally appointed one of the assistant chaplains, and his thoughtful sermons were much appreciated by the congregation. Mr. Wyatt is a bachelor, and a man of considerable means. Moreover—and this may have been present to Lord Tweedmouth's mind—he is a devout Radical, and has been an active exponent of the Ministerial cause in Bedfordshire. Mr. Wyatt is a graduate of Oxford, where he was a member of the "House." He was ordained by the Bishop of St. Albans in 1879, and held his first curacy at Colchester. He also served at Sydenham, and at St. James's, Westminster. Mr. Wyatt was for two years minister at St. Philip's, Regent Street, and went thence to Bedford. Under him the Savoy Chapel may regain something of the character and popularity it enjoyed under Henry White.

In the appointment of Archdeacon Hughes-Games to the vicarage of Hull, the trustees have taken care to maintain the Evangelical traditions of the place. The new Vicar has been for many years associated with the Isle of Man. He was Bishop Rowley Hill's right-hand man, and did a great educational work both in connection with King William's College and the Theological School. In 1836, however, he accepted a parochial charge—namely, the important rectory of Andreas, and at the same time he was appointed Archdeacon of Man. He is possessed of considerable power, and it has been a surprise to many that he should have been buried for so many years in such an out-of-the-way place, but there is reason to believe that he felt that duty called him to remain there. But he is by no means unknown in England; he has frequently attended Church Congresses and spoken with considerable effect. He is widely read, cultured and refined, and he has from time to time written some useful books. Perhaps the best known of these works are "Classical Studies: Their True Position and Value in Education," and "The One Book: a Treatise on the Unique Character of the Bible"; but his devotional books—such as, "Why I cannot go away from Jesus Christ"—are also very popular. He is a thoughtful preacher and is possessed of a wide experience of men and affairs. He graduated at Oxford in 1852, taking high mathematical honours. He proceeded to M.A. in 1856 and D.C.L. in 1863. He was ordained in 1856, and he held curacies at Doddleston and Manchester. Later, he was Vice-Principal of York Training College; and afterwards Head Master of the Liverpool Institute. He went to the Isle of Man in 1865, and his thirty years' work there has had a decidedly beneficial effect upon the Church life of the island. He was Examining Chaplain to Bishop Rowley Hill, and Bishop Straton on his appointment sought his kind offices in a like capacity.

An oxidised silver trophy has been presented by the staff of the Submarine Cable Companies to Sir John Pender. The design is admirably suggestive of the work with which Sir John's name is linked, the massive architectural plinth being supported by four finely modelled and chased dolphins, additional strength to which is given by two shields, richly framed in seaweed, ornamented by



SILVER TROPHY PRESENTED TO SIR JOHN PENDER.

electric cones, the one in front bearing the arms of Sir John Pender, and the other a representation in repoussé of a steam-ship, as used for laying the cables. The weight of the trophy approaches 2000 oz.; it is the artistic handiwork of Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, 73, Cheapside,

who also have manufactured a silver parcel-gilt casket, containing an address, to be presented to Sir John Pender.

We regret to record the sudden death on Nov. 2, in London, of Sir Daniel Adolphus Lange, F.R.S., after presiding at the monthly meeting of the Bahia and San Francisco Railway Company, of which he was one of the directors for the last twenty-six years. Sir Daniel had lived for some years past in comparative retirement with his wife and family on his estate, Lanehurst, Sussex. He played an important part in an undertaking which has been of the greatest possible service to England—the Suez Canal. This was the absorbing interest of Sir Daniel's life. He was from the very first associated with Count de Lesseps in this great work. He threw himself into the project when it was first mooted with the utmost ardour and energy, and he was invaluable, as the sole English supporter of Count de Lesseps, in getting the question ventilated and discussed in England. It is not pleasant now to think that the response which this country made to the proposed scheme amounted to little or nothing, but that, on the contrary, it met with much opposition. Lord Palmerston declared that the canal would be profitable to France and hostile to England's interest. France, however, took the matter up, supplied the capital, commenced it in 1858 and finished in 1869. Sir Daniel Lange was intimately connected with the Suez Canal both in Egypt and at home. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he alone of Englishmen did his very utmost to bring this great work to this highly successful conclusion, which the world to-day thankfully acknowledges and profits by inestimably. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of the debate in the House of Commons on March 6, 1876, on the motion for the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, said of Sir Daniel Lange: "There is no individual, next to Count de Lesseps himself, who has been more essentially associated with the whole history of this great enterprise, and with all its struggles in the period of its most formidable difficulties, than Sir Daniel Lange." As a recognition of his services in connection with the Suez Canal, he received the order of knighthood, the order of the Medjidieh, second class, and was made a Knight of the Crown of Italy. Sir Daniel Lange contested Midhurst in 1868, in the Liberal interest, but was defeated by 113 votes. In 1865 he was Liberal candidate for Shoreham, and retired in favour of the late Sir James Hannen. He leaves a widow, Lady Beatrice Lange, two daughters and one son.

The fighting, on Nov. 3, with the Mahsud Waziri tribes of Himalayan mountaineers, on the north-west frontier of India, who attacked the camp in the Wano valley of the British Commission, engaged in surveys for the boundary delimitation, proved fatal to a valuable officer of the Royal Engineers. Lieutenant Percy John Frederick Macaulay had been nearly sixteen years in India, after completing his professional education at the Royal Military Academy and at Chatham. He was the eldest son of Colonel C. E. Macaulay, and grandnephew to the late Lord Macaulay and to the late Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock. His services in the Indian Public Works Department since 1889 had included much arduous railway and survey work among the Beluch and Afghan hills. For two years he was in charge of a section of the railway under construction through the Bolan Pass to Quetta and to the Peshin Valley, through the Khojak Range. In March last he was transferred to the Survey Department, and was placed in charge of the northern or Kurram section of the demarcation of the Indo-Afghan frontier, under the agreement concluded with the Ameer by Sir Mortimer Durand. He was occupied in this important duty during the whole of the past summer, and had scarcely completed that work when he hastened down from Kurram to take part in the delimitation of the Waziri border from Domandi, on the Gomal River, joining the Commissioner's camp about Oct. 18, a fortnight before his death.



Photo by Corbell, Simla.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT PERCY J. F. MACAULAY.

Much is being said about the attachment of the new Czar Nicholas to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. The relations between the Prince and the late Czar were not of the closest character, but Nicholas II. has shown a strong affection for his English relatives. This may have an important bearing on the policy of Russia towards England, foreign affairs in Russia being so much more influenced by the personal disposition of the Sovereign than they are in a country under a limited monarchy. The extreme cordiality, by-the-way, of Lord Rosebery's recent references to Russia have had a very marked effect on Continental opinion.

Louis Figuier, the French scientist, whose death, at the age of seventy-five, took place last week, was one of the first Continental writers to popularise science. His books—notably the series entitled "Tableau de la Nature"—enjoyed a considerable reputation and an immense circulation. In the year 1856 he founded a scientific annual, entitled *L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle*, which is still the best foreign publication

of the kind. M. Figuier was born, and spent most of his life, at Montpellier. He was an officer of the Legion of Honour, and has sometimes been styled the Jules Verne of science.

The annual business of "pricking" the High Sheriffs of England cannot be very agreeable to the Lord Chancellor. He has to consider a number of protests for the evasion of public duty. There appears to be very little desire among country gentlemen to serve as sheriffs, and their excuses impose a severe strain both on their ingenuity and on the Lord Chancellor's patience. One pleaded that he was a master of hounds, and could not spare any time from that office. Others took refuge in the agricultural depression; others, again, in gout and rheumatism. The trouble is that the High Sheriffs have to entertain the judges on circuit, and they do not like the expense. It is a pity that this branch of the business cannot be otherwise arranged.

By the death of the Right Rev. Alfred Blomfield, Suffragan Bishop of Colchester, the Church in London—over the Border loses a devoted worker and a zealous friend. He had been associated with St. Albans since 1875—in which year he was appointed Honorary Canon—but his real connection with the diocese began in 1882, when Bishop Claughton, under whom Bishop Blomfield

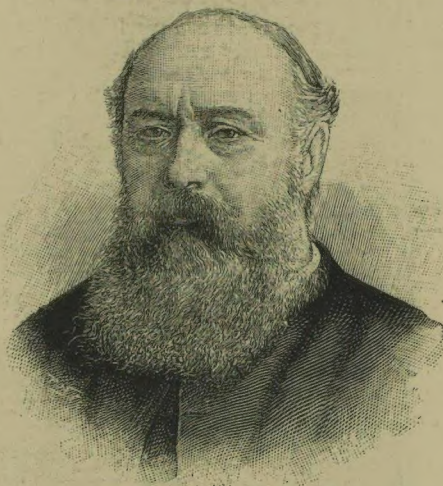


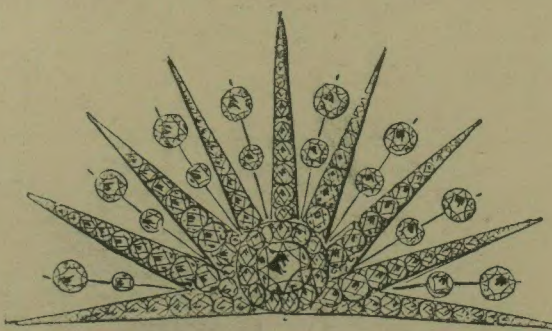
Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. ALFRED BLOMFIELD,
Suffragan Bishop of Colchester.

had served in his curate days at Kidderminster, asked him to become his suffragan. He was consecrated in St. Albans Abbey in June 1882, and quickly set to work. The rapid growth of Stratford, West Ham, and other districts taxed severely the power of the Church to cope with the spiritual needs of the people, but Alfred Blomfield, as the son of the founder of the Bishop of London's Fund, brought a ripened experience to bear upon the problem of Church extension, and his counsel and judgment proved most valuable. He proved, too, a constant friend and adviser to the clergy. Little need be said respecting his earlier career. The son of a former Bishop of London, he was by training and association fitted for high office in the Church. He was educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, and was Vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney, afterwards of St. Matthew's, City Road, and later of Barking, until his elevation to the episcopate. The late Bishop was a brother of Sir Arthur Blomfield and Admiral Blomfield.

The French Minister of Education has been compelled to defend in the Chamber the removal of a certain M. Robin, who for ten years has administered an important post in the public service. M. Robin holds extreme views on politics, views scarcely distinguishable from Anarchism. He objects to the French love of country, and did his utmost to discourage it. It was this characteristic, rather than his proved incompetence, which convinced the Chamber that the Minister had acted wisely in dismissing him. An official who is the avowed enemy of "La Patrie" has no place in France. M. Robin might say that he is fortified by the opinion of Count Tolstoi, the great Russian writer, who began a letter to the late Czar with "Dear Alexander Alexandrovitch." But Tolstoi's indifference to titles and hostility to patriotism are not to the taste of the French democracy.

In spite of the most confident prognostications to the contrary, M. Zola has had an audience of the Pope. He was presented by the French representative at the Vatican, and he is said to owe this triumph to the influence of a Cardinal who happens to be related to M. Edmond de Goncourt. M. Zola has had the reward of his pertinacity, and his enemies are proportionately discomfited. The Pope might have refused to see the author of a book which has been placed on the "Index," and which has excited the indignation of the whole Catholic world. But Leo XIII. takes wider views than many of his zealous disciples. Besides, he may have reflected that as M. Zola is determined to write a book about Rome, a book which is sure to have an enormous sale, it is just as well that the material for an accurate portrait of the Pope should be put in his way.

The ex-Lady Mayoress has received a gratifying tribute to the graceful hospitality dispensed by her Ladyship at the Mansion House. We give a sketch of the head ornament



recently presented by the Court of Common Council to Lady Tyler, the order for which was entrusted to J. W. Benson, jeweller, of Old Bond Street and Ludgate Hill. It is composed of fine brilliants, and represents the rising sun.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has left Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise, arriving at Windsor Castle on Wednesday morning, Nov. 14.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, at St. Petersburg, will be joined by the Duke of York, who left England on Monday evening, Nov. 12, to attend the funeral of the Czar Alexander III. The Duke of Connaught has not yet sufficiently recovered, after his recent illness, to undertake this journey. The Duchess of York is at Sandringham, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales. The Duchess of Fife, on Saturday, Nov. 10, left Sandringham for London.

Princess Christian, on Tuesday, Nov. 14, at the High-bury New Park Athenæum, opened a grand fancy bazaar, with a representation of "Old Islington," for the vicarage fund of St. Thomas's Church, Finsbury Park, assisted by the Bishop of Bedford and the Archdeacon of London.

The Duchess of Teck, on Saturday, Nov. 10, accompanied by Prince Alexander of Teck, visited Bethnal Green, to open the new club formed in connection with the Oxford University Mission to the poor of East London. The Warden of All Souls' College, the Rector of Lincoln College, the Earl of Meath, Lord Rowton, and the Rev. Canon Scott Holland, whose brother, the late Mr. Lawrence Holland, bequeathed £1000 for this club, met her Royal Highness upon the occasion.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall, on Friday, Nov. 9, the Prime Minister, with the Earl of Kimberley, Lord Tweedmouth, Earl Spencer, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Arnold Morley, was present. Lord Rosebery, in his speech, declared that our Government would observe strict neutrality in the war between China and Japan, while making benevolent efforts, with the other Powers mainly interested, to bring about a peace. He referred to the death of the Czar, and stated that our relations with Russia had never been more cordial than at present. The difficulty with regard to the delimitation of the spheres of the two Powers in Central Asia had been terminated. He proceeded to enumerate, as special dangers to the maintenance of good international relations, the continuous growth of armaments, the publication of inaccurate intelligence in the Press, and the aberrations of armed exploration. Our foreign policy was, using the term in a non-party sense, a strictly conservative policy. He concluded by saying that, whether well or ill advised in their domestic policy, Ministers honestly endeavoured to do their best in the service of the country.

The Mayors for all the cities and boroughs of England and Wales were elected on Nov. 9 for the ensuing municipal year. The nomination of High Sheriffs for all the counties took place on Monday, Nov. 12, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court, before the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Home Secretary, the Lord Chief Justice, and other judges.

The Marquis of Salisbury on Nov. 7 addressed a meeting in London of the National Union of Conservative Associations. After referring in a sympathetic tone to the death of the late Emperor of Russia, to whose resolution to maintain peace Europe owed a debt which it was difficult to express, Lord Salisbury went on to discuss the problem of London government. He criticised very sharply the composition of the Unification Commission. He opposed the establishment of a mammoth corporation, which would be an experiment absolutely without example. He was in favour of the creation of a number of municipalities on the model which had been found to work successfully in other parts of the country. No doubt there must be some central body, but he deprecated any attempt to degrade or depose the City Corporation.

The Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 14, addressed a meeting of the Scottish Liberal Association at Glasgow.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, on Tuesday, Nov. 13, addressed a large meeting at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the Northern Union of Conservative Associations this year holds its annual conference, under the presidency of the Marquis of Londonderry.

At the Colston banquets of the rival political parties at

Bristol, on Nov. 13, the principal speaker to the Liberal dinner guests was Mr. E. Robertson, M.P., a Lord of the Admiralty; while Viscount Cross and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach spoke to the Conservative party. Much was said of the position of the Ministry and of the projected attack on the House of Lords.

The Irish Nationalist party at Dublin, under the presidency of Mr. Justin McCarthy, held a meeting on Nov. 12, when he censured the conduct of those who had exposed the internal disputes of that party concerning the money received from English Liberal politicians. A resolution was, however, passed condemning Mr. John Morley's refusal to release the dynamite conspirators now in prison, and declaring that the people of Ireland can no longer put any confidence in Lord Rosebery's Government.

A violent storm of wind, hail, and rain, with occasional lightning flashes, swept over the south of England on Monday evening, Nov. 12. Sudden floods, caused by the overflow of rivers, took place in many districts of Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. At Bath some of the lower streets became impassable, and the houses were flooded. Oxfordshire also suffered much inconvenience. One of the Channel steam-boats was unable to get into Dover, and the passage between France and England was interrupted for that night.

The ceremony of cutting the ground in Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, for the projected London terminus of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire and Midland Railway Companies' new line, from near Chesterfield to London, was performed by Lady Wharncliffe, on Tuesday,

Kremlin started, with numerous flags draped in mourning, regiments of guards, dragoons, and infantry, led horses, in sable trappings, the regalia, seven crowns, and emblems of the orders borne by the late Czar, displayed on cushions, and the hearse, or canopied car, drawn by eight horses in black. The Emperor and the Grand Dukes and Princes carried the bier into the cathedral, where it was placed on a catafalque of crimson and gold, and a religious service was performed by the Metropolitan and clergy of Moscow. On Tuesday morning, Nov. 13, it was received at St. Petersburg with not less pomp and solemnity, being consigned to the cathedral church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where, after lying several days in state, the coffin would be finally deposited in one of the tombs occupied by deceased Czars and members of the imperial family. Among those present would be the King of Denmark, the King of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke of York.

The war in Eastern Asia, which is almost the only matter of foreign news that excites any interest just now, seems to be approaching its end by the total collapse of the Chinese military and naval defences. Port Arthur (Lu Shun Kou), the principal naval station of the empire, situated at the extremity of a peninsula dividing the Gulf of Corea from the Gulf of Leao-tong and the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, and commanding the approach by sea to the metropolitan region, to the cities of Tientsin and Peking, is likely very soon, with the Chinese war-ships there, to fall into the hands of the Japanese. On Nov. 6 they captured the fortified position of Kin-chow, and next day that of Talien-wan, at the opposite sides of the narrow isthmus

joining that peninsula to the mainland, the Chinese garrisons making little resistance. There is great consternation at Peking, and the Chinese Government seems most anxious for the mediation of the European Powers, with that of the United States, consenting to relinquish its claim of sovereignty over Corea, and to pay a war indemnity; but no answer has yet been returned by Japan.

In America the political result of the general elections all over the United States on Tuesday, Nov. 6, has given an overwhelming superiority in the next Congress, to the "Republican" party, which is opposed to that of President Cleveland. The next House of Representatives, which will not actually meet before a twelve-month hence, will contain 230 Republicans, and only 118 of the "Democratic" party. But it may be doubted how far this will go towards the restoration of a highly Protectionist tariff.

Large quantities of cotton on board vessels at Savannah

have been destroyed by incendiaries, with the vessels so laden; but the motives of the conspirators are not yet explained.

THE MANCHESTER COTTON EXCHANGE.

The last forty or fifty years have witnessed a complete alteration of the Manchester business world. That city has become less of a manufacturing town and more largely mercantile; the direct management, both of the export trade in the products of the cotton manufacturing industry and the import of raw cotton, has passed into its hands; and the construction of the Ship Canal is a result of this change, which it will greatly assist and confirm. Half a century ago no one would have thought of Manchester becoming independent of Liverpool; but now that Manchester has been made a seaport, directly accessible to vessels from all the countries that grow cotton—America, India, Egypt, and other distant lands—the establishment of a regular cotton market there for the raw material is naturally demanded. On Tuesday, Nov. 6, a large meeting of merchants and manufacturers, to promote this object, was held on the flagged pavement of the Victoria Arcade, adjacent to the Manchester Exchange, Mr. C. Macara, chairman of the Cotton-Spinners' Federation, presided, while Mr. W. H. Holland, M.P., Mr. Joseph Leigh, M.P., Mr. W. H. Kershaw, Mr. T. F. Mackison, and others, took a leading part in the proceedings. A provisional committee was appointed to arrange with the Corporation of Manchester, to whom the Victoria Arcade belongs, for the use of that place, under suitable regulations, to hold the cotton market; an association is being formed to undertake its superintendence, with bye-laws and standards of the different kinds of cotton, and offices with a competent staff.

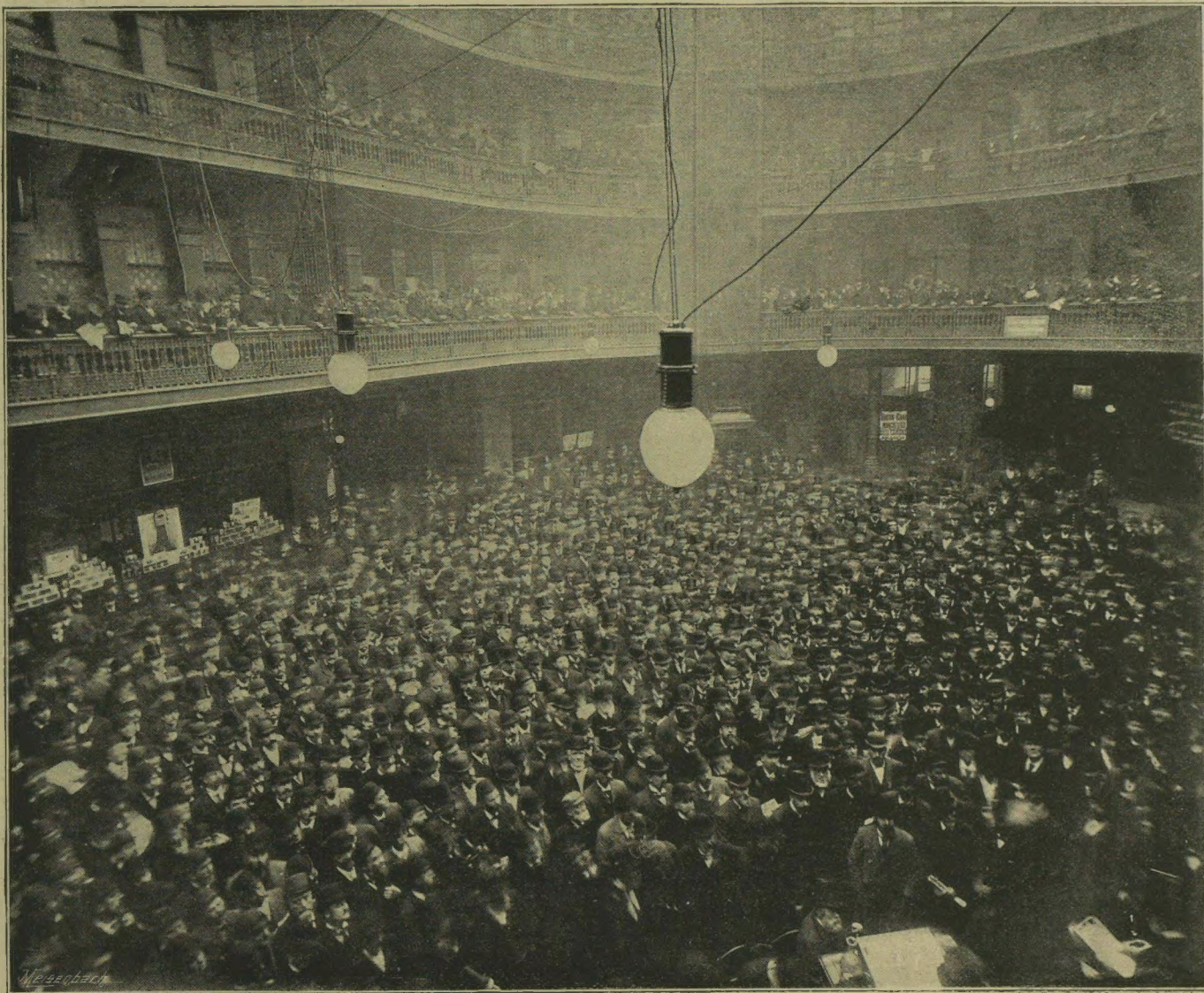


Photo by J. Ambler, Manchester.

INAUGURATION OF THE MANCHESTER COTTON MARKET.

Nov. 13, and was followed by a luncheon at the Holborn Restaurant, Lord Wharncliffe presiding there.

Two destructive fires broke out in London on Saturday, Nov. 10: one was in the Minories, where eight warehouses and their contents were destroyed; the other at a large printing establishment in Clerkenwell Road.

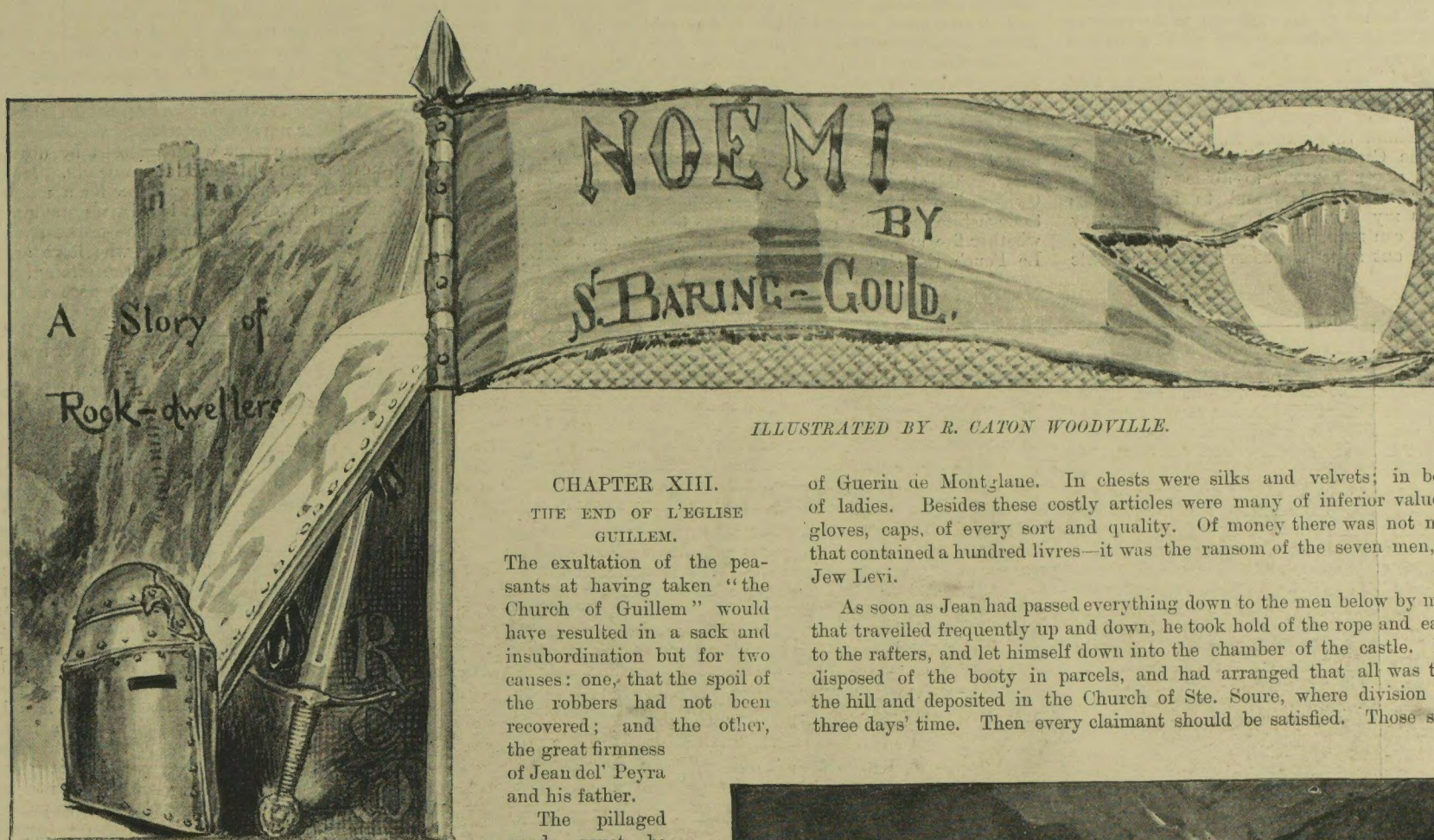
The mortal remains of the late Emperor Alexander III., removed on Tuesday, Nov. 6, from the palace of Livadia, where he died, to the Byzantine chapel there, were carried on the Thursday morning, Nov. 8, to the neighbouring seaport of Yalta, accompanied by a walking procession, and were placed on board the cruiser *Pamyat Mercuriya*, which conveyed them, escorted by twelve other war-ships, to Sebastopol. A special railway train from Sebastopol to Moscow, stopping at Borki, where a religious service was performed, brought the coffin, the Emperor Nicholas II., his mother the widowed Empress, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Queen of Greece, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna (Princess Alix of Hesse), to Moscow, arriving at half-past ten on Sunday morning, Nov. 11. There was a solemn funeral procession through the streets of the ancient Russian capital, the Emperor and all the Princes and Grand Dukes being on foot, while the Empress, with the Princesses and other ladies, were in carriages, following the car, drawn by eight horses. The body was laid in state at the church of the Archangel Michael, in the Kremlin, and was visited by more than twenty thousand people, until its further progress to St. Petersburg was resumed on Monday evening. The scenes at Moscow were very grand and impressive. The Grand Duke Serge, Governor of Moscow, and the Metropolitan Archbishop received the imperial party at the railway station, from which the procession to the



"THORA OF RIMOL."

From the Picture exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

"Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me!
Danger and shame and death betide me!
For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and through forest, through thorp and town!"
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.—*The Saga of King Olaf.*—LONGFELLOW.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE END OF L'ÉGLISE
GUILLEM.

The exultation of the peasants at having taken "the Church of Guillem" would have resulted in a sack and insubordination but for two causes: one, that the spoil of the robbers had not been recovered; and the other, the great firmness of Jean del' Peyra and his father.

The pillaged goods must be found. None had

much hesitation in saying where they were. Everything worth preserving had been stowed away in the rock-hewn chamber above the castle, in the face of the cliff, and this was now very difficult of access.

The roof of the castle from which it was reached was broken in, portions had been consumed, other portions were so charred as to be dangerous.

The peasants had begun to throw down the walls, to demolish every portion of the structure that was artificial, but Jean stayed them.

"If you do this," said he, "how shall we reach the treasury above?"

The day had broken but the sun had not yet risen. The slope below the Church and the Church itself presented a strange spectacle.

The incline was strewn with smouldering fragments of wood, of faggots, the kind of which had been burst by the flames, and had released sticks that had not been ignited, of rafters from the castle blackened by the fire, of long streams of pitch that had fallen and run and had ceased to flame. In the midst of the road by the river-brim stood a cask on its bottom, emitting volumes of black smoke. Amid the wreckage lay the corpses of the men who had been made to leap to their death. When daylight came, it was perceived that one alone had not died instantly. He had been seen to stir an arm and raise his head, and a peasant had run down and dispatched him.

The face of the cliff, wherever reached by the flames, had become decomposed. Chalk will not endure the touch of fire, and the white, scaly surface had flaked off and exposed yellow patches like sandstone. Scales, moreover, were continually falling from the blistered scar.

A portion of the floor of the main chamber of the castle that projected beyond the face of the cliff remained unconsumed, and sustained the beams of the wall that formed the screen in front. Many of the stones that had been inserted between the rafters had fallen out; nevertheless, sufficient remained to make it possible for an agile man to reach the charred and ruinous roof.

"Let some go to the cliff-edge overhead," said Jean, "and tie the end of a rope to a tree, and let it down in front of the chamber in the rock. Then I can, I believe, climb to it, and see! I will thrust this piece of torn red silk through the roof at the end of a pike, as a token where to lower the cord."

An hour elapsed before the rope end with a heavy stone attached to it came down through the shattered roof. This was now left hanging, and Jean del' Peyra began to climb. He bade the men undo the stone as soon as he was aloft, and in its place attach a large basket to the cord, which he would draw up and fill with whatever he found in the chamber. Knowing, however, how little the peasants could be trusted, he required his father to keep guard, and take possession of what he lowered, the whole to be retained undisturbed till each could claim his own goods, and of those unclaimed a distribution would be made later among such as had assisted in taking the stronghold.

Nimble as a cat Jean ascended among the beams. He had to use extreme caution, as some of them were smoking, and he had to beware of putting his hand on fire that was unobservable by daylight, and of resting his foot on cross pieces that had been reduced to charcoal. The stones shaken by him as he mounted, and loosely compacted among half-burnt beams, and themselves split and powdered with heat, came down in volleys; but as this portion of the castle overhung the precipice from seven to ten feet, they did not jeopardise those who were in the cavernous part of the chamber.

Jean rapidly swung himself to the rafters of the roof, and, after testing which would bear his weight, crept along one till he touched the cord. Then, by this aid, he was able to creep up the face of the rock, that, however, came down on him in dust where crumbled by the heat; and in a couple of minutes he was in the cave.

A rapid glance round assured him that it was untenanted, and that it contained all the booty that had been accumulated by the routiers in many excursions.

In lockers cut in the native rock, and furnished with wooden shelves, were gold chalices and reliquaries of Limoges enamel, silver-tipped drinking-horns, and a richly bound volume of poetry, the interminable metrical romance

of Guerin de Montglane. In chests were silks and velvets; in boxes the jewellery of ladies. Besides these costly articles were many of inferior value, garments, boots, gloves, caps, of every sort and quality. Of money there was not much, save one bag that contained a hundred livres—it was the ransom of the seven men, the plunder of the Jew Levi.

As soon as Jean had passed everything down to the men below by means of his basket, that travelled frequently up and down, he took hold of the rope and easily swung himself to the rafters, and let himself down into the chamber of the castle. Here his father had disposed of the booty in parcels, and had arranged that all was to be carried down the hill and deposited in the Church of Ste. Soure, where division would be made in three days' time. Then every claimant should be satisfied. Those sacred vessels which



"Now, lads! down with the walls, rip up the floors, down with everything!"

had come from churches would be restored to the churches, and notice would be issued to all sufferers in the country round to come and retake whatsoever they could show was legitimately their own.

"And now, father," said Jean, "it seems to me that we are but at the beginning of our troubles. We have taken this outpost and destroyed a handful of our oppressors. But behind this stands Domme, and in it is a garrison. The Captain has slipped through our fingers. He will never consent to abide without an attempt to recover what is lost and to revenge his humiliation. It is my advice that we utterly destroy this castle, so that it can never be occupied again. Then, that we should send out spies to observe the movements of the enemy, and report if he be on his way to make reprisals. Lastly, that we hold ourselves in readiness to encounter him when he sets forth. Let us choose our own ground, and that is half-way to success."

"You are right, Jean," said the old man. "We will take council at noon and prepare. Now, lads! down with the walls, rip up the floors, down with everything! Remember this—a first advantage is a sure prelude to a final disaster—unless followed up. Do you know why we have taken and destroyed this 'Church'? Because the ruffians had surprised us and made easy spoil at Ste. Soure. They sat down here to eat and drink and lay down to sleep in full confidence that we were overawed. Now we have surprised them. Take care lest what chance to them chance also to us. At noon meet in the Ste. Soure church. Now to work. Down with the rest of the twigs of this vultures' nest!"

With a cheer the men set to work to demolish the castle that had so long menaced the country. There were many willing hands employed, and the work was already half done; it needed little more than some shaking to throw the entire structure to pieces. Only here and there was there solid wall; that here and there was where there was solid shelf on which to build. Elsewhere all was wooden framework filled with stones.

Thus was L'Eglise Guillem destroyed. At the same time some great thing was won. The people, spasmodically, had exerted its power, and had acquired consciousness of its strength; it held up for a moment the head that had been for so many centuries bowed under the feet of its tyrants. It had looked military power in the face, and had not winced.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE OF THE BEUNE.

Le Gros Guillem, at the head of fifty men, was on his way to chastise the peasants of the Vézère Valley.

The number he had with him was not large, but he was unable to spare more for this expedition. A sufficient garrison must be left in Domme. Besides, to deal with peasants, a handful of soldiers with steel caps and swords was certain to suffice; hitherto it had sufficed, and that at all times. What was Del' Peyra? He had never distinguished himself in feats of arms; no one had ever heard

that he had taken them up at any time. The dung-fork and the ox-goad befitted him. It was said he had more than once ploughed his own land.

The men were mounted so as to make the *chevauchée* as rapidly and effectively as possible, without allowing those whom they were resolved to attack time to bestir themselves and assemble to offer resistance. If these Ste. Soure peasants did learn that the *ribaids* were coming they would flee to the rocks and hide themselves there. That they should attempt resistance was not to be anticipated. Guillem had determined to burn every house in the village, to devastate the fields, cut down all the fruit-trees, and try whether fire and an escalade would enable him to capture Le Peuch, the stronghold of the Del' Peyras, so that he

the blended calcareous waters ooze through bog in a dreamlike, purposeless manner round a shoulder of rock that is precipitous, but which has a sufficiency of solid ground at its feet to allow of a practicable way being carried over this deposit.

The Beune and the Vézère are like two different types of character. The latter never deviates from the direction it has resolved on taking except when opposed by obstacles impossible to overleap, and these it circumvents. It saws down every barrier it can; it never halts for a moment; if it turns back in the direction it has been pursuing it is solely that it may seek out a channel more direct and less tortuous. It is so with men and women who have a clear conception of an object at which they are aiming, some purpose in their lives.

With the Beune it is otherwise. It has no perceptible current; it does not run; it has no flow; it slips down. It finds itself in a channel and drifts along from one stagnation to another; it has had nothing whatever to do with the formation of its channel. It does not even lie in a bed of its own making. It is a bog and not a river—here and there spreading into pools that wait for an impulse to be given them by the wind, by the whisk of a heron's wing, to form the ripple that will carry some of its water over the calcareous bar it has itself raised by its own inertness. No one could say, looking at the Beune, in which direction it was tending, and it does not seem to have any idea itself. Its sluggishness accumulates obstacles; marsh grass is given time to throw out its fibrous roots, and reeds to build up hurdles across the stream, and the cretaceous particles settle at leisure into walls obstructing it; consequently diverting it. It lurches stupidly from side to side and then listlessly gives up every effort of advance. We stoop to drink of the Vézère. We turn in disgust from the Beune.

On each side of the Vézère as it swings along is alluvial soil—beds of the utmost richness that laugh with verdure, where the hay harvest is gathered thrice in the year. In the equally broad valley of the Beune is no pasture at all, nothing good, nothing but profitless morass. Where the waters

touch good soil they corrupt it. The crystal waters of the Vézère nourish every herb they reach; the turbid ooze of the Beune kills, petrifies all life that approaches it.

Is not this also a picture of certain characters? Characters!—save the mark! Characterless individuals that we have seen, perhaps have to do with, whom we avoid when possible.

Hardly had the band of *routiers* turned into the main valley, and the foremost men had reached the cliff, before a horn was blown, and at once a shower of stones was hurled from above the horsemen.

At the same moment they saw that the road before them was barricaded. Trees had been felled and thrown across the track, and from behind this barricade scowled black faces and flashed weapons.

* Within the last five years a determined effort has been made to reclaim the valley of the Beune. To do this, a channel has been cut for the river that has to be incessantly cleared.



The struggle that ensued was hand to hand. No quarter was asked and none was given.

might be able to punish the chief offender, the Seigneur Ogier, as well as all his retainers and vassals.

The Captain alone was silent and immersed in gloomy thoughts. The rest of the Company were merry and indulged in banter. They were bound on an expedition of all others best to their liking.

As they descended the valley of the Little Beune they passed under the rock of Cazelles, and looked up with a laugh at the peasants who were peering out of the holes of the cliff, much like jackdaws. Not a bullock, not a sheep was left in the valley. The houses were deserted, and probably everything that could be carried away had been transmitted to the cave refuges.

"Look!" mocked one of the riders. "The fellows had such a scare the other day at Ste. Soure that these villains at Cazelles have not yet recovered confidence."

Where the Little Beune unites with the Great Beune

Some of the horses reared, struck by the stones; some of the riders were thrown to the ground. The horses, frightened, bounded from the road. They could not turn, being pressed on by those behind; they rushed away from the shower of stones into the level track of valley-bed on their right, and at once foundered in the morass. There they plunged, endeavoured to extricate themselves, and sank deeper. The semi-petrified fibres through which their hoofs sank, held to their legs, and prevented the beasts from withdrawing them. After a few frantic and fruitless efforts they sank to their bellies and remained motionless, with that singular stolidity that comes over a beast when it resigns itself to circumstances which it recognises it has not the power to overcome.

The men who had been carried into the marsh threw themselves off. The *roustiers* were wiser than were the knights at Agincourt. They did not overburden themselves with defensive armour which would weigh them down and render them incapable of movement. Most of their clothing was of leather, with but a little steel over their breasts and shoulders. With agility they threw themselves from their sinking horses, and waded to the hard ground. At times they floundered deep, but were able to throw themselves forward, and where the surface was most precarious, advanced like lizards, till they reached ground where the rushes showed that it was sufficiently compact to sustain them upright.

Meanwhile, those in the rear who had halted when the first ranks were broken and dispersed hesitated what to do. To push forward was to incur the same fate, and their pride would not suffer them to retreat.

The Captain was behind. He was suffering greatly. His wounded feet had begun to inflame; they were swollen and tortured by the compression of his boots. He could not bear to rest his soles on the stirrup-irons. To rise in his stirrups and hew with his great sword, as he had purposed, was impossible. The pain he endured fevered his blood, churned his anger to frenzy, which this unexpected check did not serve to moderate.

He had his wits about him, however, and he saw that those who held the rock must be dislodged or no advance could be made.

Accordingly, he ordered a party of his men to dismount, peg their horses, and ascend to where the peasants were threatening them with their piles of stones.

This could be done—at all events attempted—from the lateral valley, where the slope was moderate and densely overgrown with coppice.

Bitterly now did the leader regret that for a second time he had underrated the spirit and the sagacity of his opponents. He ought to have marched at the head of a larger contingent or have postponed his attempt till a more suitable opportunity presented itself.

With his usual effrontery, Guillem had ridden across country by the shortest way, through the lands of the Bishop of Sarlat, instead of descending the Dordogne to the junction of the Vézère, and then ascending the latter river to Ste. Soure.

He had not done this for two reasons—one was that the formidable Castle of Beynac, in French hands, blocked the passage down the Dordogne; the other was that he had measured and properly appreciated the incapacity of the prelate: he knew the Bishop had not the men at his disposal to send to contest his passage.

At this time his real danger lay, as he very well knew, in tidings of his ride reaching the Castle of Commarques, hardly an hour's distance up the valley of the Great Beune. This was a dependence of Beynac, and was held for the French king.* What garrison was there he knew not, but it was certain to be small. Nevertheless, even a small band of troopers or experienced men-at-arms assailing him in rear while engaged in bursting through this barrier of peasants before him might be more than dangerous, it might prove disastrous.

Resolved at all hazards to dislodge those on the height, he sent his lieutenant up the steep hillside at the head of his trustiest men, or, rather, as many of these as he could spare without breaking the ranks directly opposed to those who watched and menaced from behind the barricade.

But the task of storming the height was one that was difficult. Not only was the party sent up it inadequate in numbers, not only were the assailants inconvenienced by the steepness of the ascent, but their weapons were not calculated to be effective in a tangle of chestnut, rowan, and sloe laced about with ropes of bramble and clematis. They carried swords; they were unprovided with pikes; whereas those who held the height were armed with knives fastened to long poles, which they could thrust with excellent effect at the men who were attacking. Time was expended in the scramble; and the assailants were exhausted before they came within sight of the eyes of those they were sent to dislodge. In the brushwood the *roustiers* could not keep together; the many sprays shooting up from stumps of felled chestnut separated them. They had to hack their way through the tough chains of clematis, and they were lacerated by the thorns of the sloe-bushes and the teeth of the wild-rose and blackberry-briar. They could not come to a hand-to-hand fight. Their enemies calmly waited, watching them in their struggle, and drove at them with their blades through the bushes, forcing them to spring back to avoid death.

It took some time for the lieutenant in command to realise that he had been dispatched on a task which he was incompetent to achieve. But when he had determined this, he bade his men desist and retreat to the valley below.

They had not retreated far on their way down before they saw that the aspect of affairs below was greatly changed since they had started on their scramble.

Behind the barricade had been ranged the charcoal-burners with their forks, under the command of Ogier del' Peyra.

These had remained covered by their breastwork, expecting the enemy to make a second attempt to advance along the road. When, however, this was not done, and they saw them drawn up motionless, and shortly after heard the shouts and cries from the height, then Ogier

recognised that the line of men before him was covering an attack on his son, who held the rock.

He at once gave the signal to advance at a rush. With a shout of joy the charcoal-burners burst over the barricade and charged along the road, led by the Seigneur, and fell upon the double line of troopers.

A furious hand-to-hand *mêlée* ensued. The horses were alarmed by the sable figures with black faces and hands who sprang at them, and recoiled, not only from the sight, but also at their smell, producing disorder. The struggle that ensued was hand to hand. No quarter was asked and none was given. The *roustiers* were borne back, several had fallen, but also many colliers rolled on the ground.

At this juncture, down from the hill, out from among the coppice leaped the contingent that had failed to capture the height. It arrived at the most critical moment, just as the horsemen were struggling to disengage themselves and fly. They came upon the colliers in rear, they stopped accessions to their ranks from behind. Now their blades served them well, and the rout that had begun was arrested.

The arrival of this body of men startled the peasants. They did not understand whence they had sprung; and they retreated.

"Turn! Back to Domme!" yelled the Captain.

The men recovered their horses, remounted, and still fighting, began the retreat.

As they came under Cazelles a shower of projectiles was launched upon them from above.

The peasants gave over the pursuit. They were incapable of keeping pace with the horses.

And now, as they fell back, down from the height came Jean del' Peyra with his men.

"Where is my father?" he asked eagerly, and looked round.

Old Ogier was nowhere to be seen.

"Search among the fallen!" ordered Jean in great alarm.

Every dead and dying man was examined.

Then came back a charcoal-burner, hot, for he had been running, and the sweat streaming over his face had washed it into streaks, like those that stain the face of the chalk cliffs.

"What—the Seigneur?" asked the man. "He is taken."

"Taken!"

"Aye, taken and carried away by the *rouffiens*."

(To be continued.)

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ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

It is most patent to me that until the funeral of the late Czar is over the public for whom I write will be more interested in Russian affairs than in any others. The appointment of Prince Hohenlohe to the Chancellorship of the German Empire has by no means attracted the notice in England it deserved. During my last permanent stay in Paris, which was coincident with the Prince's tenure of the Ambassadorship to the Third Republic, I had frequent opportunities of seeing him, and I feel confident that, with the exception of Bismarck, no one ever gauged the temper of the French better than he. Count Arnim thought he had, but he was mistaken. His optimism blinded him to many things. Prince Hohenlohe steered between the optimism of Arnim and the pessimism of Bismarck; and his careful observation of facts, not of pseudo-facts, aided by a close intimacy between his family and that of M. de Freycinet, which intimacy lasted for some time, gave him additional advantages.

These advantages were still further increased by his subsequent residence in Alsace-Lorraine as Stadtholder. Hence, he comes to his new dignity provided with a fund of practical experience of the French which even Bismarck did not possess. I shall be much surprised if that experience be not productive of altogether unexpected modifications of Germany's foreign policy in general and her attitude towards France and Russia in particular. Whatsoever the French may say or think, it is a well-known fact, to those who look facts in the face instead of sidling up to them, that the so-called *rapprochement* between Russia and France was due to the resentment of Alexander III. against Bismarck's and the late Emperor Wilhelm's parts in the Congress of Berlin, and not to an all-absorbing love for the Government of the Third Republic or the French people themselves. It is but just to the French to say that in this game they staked sterling coin, as they always do, for hypocrisy is not one of their vices; while Russia was strongly suspected of having staked counters only—very strongly gilt counters, but counters for all that.

Baron von Mohrenheim and his *personnel* are essentially the men to make those counters pass current for gold. Though not specially selected for that task at the outset of his mission, there is no doubt that Baron von Mohrenheim was afterwards carefully instructed to that effect. There is equally no doubt that up till now the Russian Ambassador has performed the principal part in the play marvellously well, and that the rest of the cast have seconded him admirably. There is an old French farce with the title of "*La Consigne est de Ronfler*"; *anglicé* "You have only got to snore." The *personnel* of the Russian Embassy in Paris, with the chief at their head, have only changed one word in the title of the farce they are playing in the French capital: "*La Consigne est de Sourire*."

The whole of the Russian Embassy in Paris is on the "perpetual grin." They grin in society, they grin when they get home. That home grin would scarcely be relished by the French Russophiles if they could see it. Prince Troubetzkoi (a colonel in the Guards), Prince Orloff (a lieutenant in the same corps), the elegant young Count Brévern, the equally young M. Miloradovitch, who has ever so many millions—I am speaking of millions sterling, if you please—constitute the ornamental part of the Embassy. They are the *attachés*, but *honoris causa*. They do the flirting, the dancing, the warbling of sentimental ballads in Russian at the Ministerial receptions, and they have "a good time of it," as our American cousins would say. M. de Giers, jun., who is a recent acquisition, M. Narischkine, and Barons Stakelberg and Korf discuss politics with the more serious male part of the gatherings, suggesting means by which peace may be prolonged, and their—the French mushroom Ministers'—posts, fat posts, preserved; while in another part of the salons General Baron Frédéricks, an able soldier, surrounded by General Mercier and others, is discreetly demonstrating tactics and strategy, the contrary of peaceful. Baron von Mohrenheim himself is not so frequently seen, but he is a great favourite with *la haute volée de la Troisième République*.

How long this position of affairs will continue, it would be difficult to say, though it is safe to predict that it will last till after the funeral of Alexander III. It would appear that an English contemporary has spread the alarm among this united family by stating—with how much foundation one knows not—that the new Czar is favourably inclined towards England.

If aught could exceed the enormity of being favourably disposed towards Germany, it would be the crime of showing a sympathetic policy to England. Meanwhile, the Russians continue to grin, but the one who laughs in his sleeve is Count Münster, the late German Ambassador in London, and the immediate successor of Prince Hohenlohe, the new Chancellor, in Paris. Though not so experienced as his predecessor, he has been sufficiently long in Paris to know that another statement like the one just mentioned may bring an utter reaction in the French mind, unless the statement be officially contradicted by the new Czar himself; and the latter cannot well declare openly that he is not favourably inclined towards England while his aunt, the future Queen of England, never leaves his mother's side. Nothing short of such a statement would stem the tide of reaction if it once set in. The grinning of Baron Mohrenheim's *personnel* would not have the slightest effect in that case.

* This splendid ruin—one of the finest in Périgord, has been recently purchased by the Prince de Croy, who is engaged in cutting and constructing roads to it, with the purpose of restoring the castle as a residence. A charming residence it is likely to prove to such as are mosquito-proof.

MADAGASCAR.

The prospect of a French military campaign, next April, in that large island of the Indian Ocean, where the kingdom of the Hovas declines to surrender its domestic self-government, may give some interest even to views of the coast scenery at places not likely to be made the scene of warlike action. These places, however, being situated on the north-western and north-eastern shores of the island, where the French naval operations and the transport of troops will probably be conducted, show the general aspect, viewed from the sea, of a country which has been less completely described and illustrated than some other distant parts of the globe. Its only civilised or comparatively civilised State, that of the Hovas, with its capital at Antananarivo, and its reigning Queen Ranavalona III., subject to a French protectorate recognised by Great Britain in 1890, does not include the southern portion of the island, and the Hovas number scarcely more than one-third of its aggregate population. They are manifestly a superior race, considered by ethnologists to be of Malay origin, and people of the upper classes, especially in the chief towns, have adopted the profession of

Christianity, and have availed themselves of European modes of life and useful inventions. Tamatave, on the east coast, is the main port of foreign trade, except that with France, which possesses those of St. Marie and Diego

Queens, who have, by the custom of the Hova Constitution, taken their Prime Ministers for husbands, have shown much favour to Christianity and European civilisation. France will not find it easy to conquer the island.



ENCAMPMENT AT NOSIFALY, NORTH-WEST COAST OF MADAGASCAR.

Suarez, to the north, and the isle of Nossi Bé, on the west coast, as small colonies for mercantile purposes, and for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, and rice. There are few roads passable for wheeled carriages, and both travellers and goods are usually conveyed by men carrying loads upon their shoulders. The manufactures of silk and cotton, and of iron and other metals, have been hitherto performed mostly by hand, with very simple implements. The country has a great deal of mineral wealth and forests of valuable timber. French settlements in Madagascar were first attempted in 1642; the attempt was renewed in 1745. The first English Protestant missionaries arrived in 1820; they were encouraged by the King Radama, who had been educated in England; but when he died of poison in 1828, his Queen, succeeding to the ruling power, expelled the missionaries and cruelly persecuted native Christians, putting many to death in her reign of thirty-three years. Later reigning



COAST SCENERY NEAR IHARANA, NORTH-EAST COAST OF MADAGASCAR.

THE GIBBON COMMEMORATION

1794 1894

EDWARD GIBBON, the great English historian, to whose memory learned Europe has this week offered the most precious tribute of universal reverence, was born at Putney in the year 1737. The Gibbons, according to some authorities, were descended from an ancient Kentish family, settled at Rolvenden since the middle of the fourteenth century. According to others, the name is purely French; but, in any case, the immediate ancestor of the great historian was, like his contemporary

Izaak Walton, a linen-draper of London in the days of the Commonwealth. Edward, the grandfather, amassed a fortune as an army contractor under Marlborough, which enabled him, after some vicissitudes, to settle with his family at Putney, and to make a sufficiently handsome provision for two daughters and a son, another Edward, the historian's father. The sisters, Catherine and Hester, are best known to us as "Gibbon's aunts."



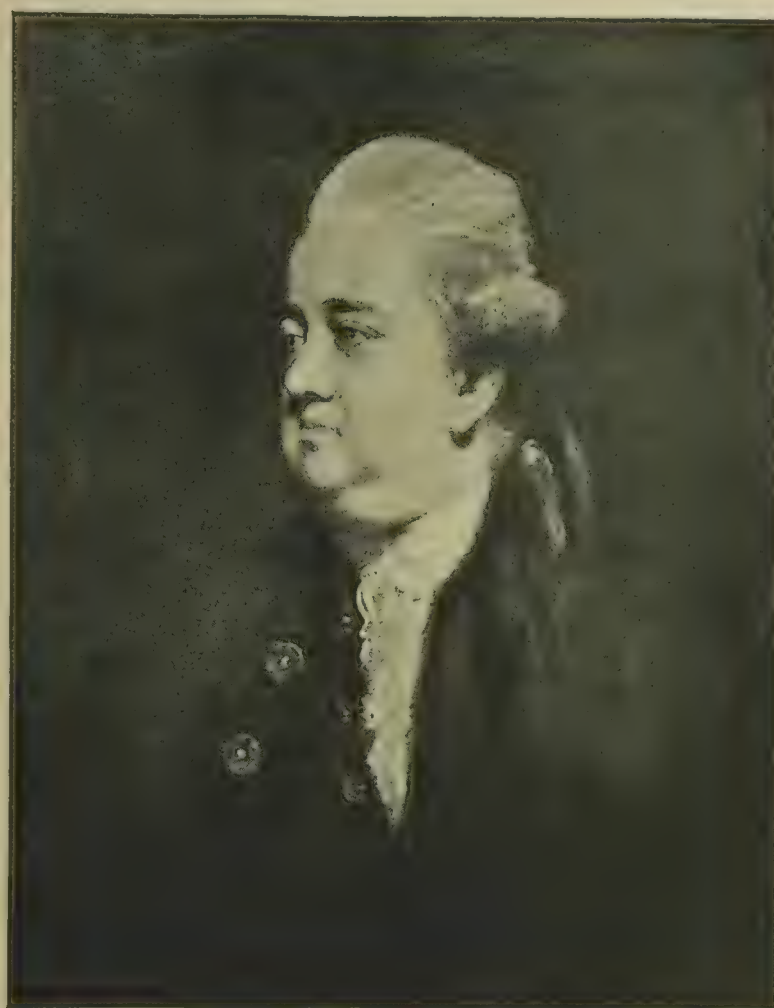
MINIATURE OF EDWARD GIBBON IN A LOCKET WITH HAIR, SET IN PEARLS. From Sheffield Park.

To one he was indebted for the studious habits formed in his earliest youth, while in his later life he benefited largely by the other's generosity. Portraits of Edward Gibbon the elder and of his first wife, Judith Porten, are still preserved at Sheffield Park.

The main facts connected with the historian's early life are set forth with admirable candour in his famous autobiography, the holograph manuscript of which forms one

of the most interesting items in the long array of original documents exhibited at the British Museum. It will suffice to bear in mind that a naturally delicate constitution and a somewhat perverse disinclination to walk in the beaten track of a boy's progress to manhood gave some grounds for the fear that the ripe scholar and accomplished gentleman of later years would never be anything better than "an illiterate cripple." Even when young Edward Gibbon had outgrown these childish disorders and was entered as a gentleman commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford, there was little or no promise of future greatness in the ungainly and priggish youth who sought a refuge from dons and doubts in the arms of the Roman Catholic Church.

This was the turning-point in Gibbon's career, for it was the cause of his removal to Lausanne, which became thenceforth the true centre of the historian's life. It was there that his tastes and habits were formed, and his friendships in sympathy with them. Of Gibbon's lifelong friendship



EDWARD GIBBON.

From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the possession of Lord Sheffield.

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We are indebted to the Earl of Sheffield for special facilities to photograph at Sheffield Park. To Mr. Hallam Murray, M. de Sévery, Mr. Alfred Morrison, and to Mr. Cock, Q.C., we are also indebted for permission to reproduce the relics in their possession.



SHEFFIELD PARK, UCKFIELD, SUSSEX, THE SEAT OF LORD SHEFFIELD, AND THE HOME OF EDWARD GIBBON IN HIS DECLINING DAYS.

with Holroyd, afterwards Earl of Sheffield, we know more, perhaps, than is known of any other famous literary friendship of the eighteenth century. Memorials of that friendship are preserved in numberless passages of his published and unpublished works, in his correspondence, and in the writings and letters of their common friends. It is well known that each had his portrait painted for the other's gratification by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Gibbon's half-expressed direction that both portraits should be preserved at Sheffield Park after his death is in keeping with the devotion to his friend's desires which so often induced the historian to quit the congenial life of London clubs and drawing-rooms for the peaceful solitude of Sheffield Park: the devotion which brought him there to die far from that "second native land" which, like some weatherbound bird of passage, he was ever pining to revisit.

Among the various relics preserved at Sheffield Park there is a gold locket set in pearls, which serves as a case for a fine miniature after Gibbon's portrait by Reynolds. This locket encloses also a plaited lock of the historian's hair. It has no case, but a piece of ribbon is still fastened to the ring. It looks as though the friend who survived might have worn it near his heart.

The miniature referred to is one of several that are exhibited at the Museum, all of them after Reynolds. The finest of these is an exquisite work on enamel by Bone, which is lent by Mr. Hallam Murray. Two clever pastels from Switzerland are undoubtedly copies of the same painting, but there are four other portraits of the historian which differ widely from this well-known likeness. The earliest of these is also attributed to Sir Joshua

THE GIBBON COMMEMORATION.

Reynolds, and is believed to represent Gibbon at the age of nineteen. This portrait, which is lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison, must therefore, if it is authentic, have been painted in the year 1756, when Gibbon was at Lausanne,

this name, though Henry Walton was a mediocrity of the period who may or may not have been capable of painting a portrait of the merit which seems to be indicated by the Sheffield Park engraving. The remaining portrait is a small water-colour drawing with considerable character, approaching more nearly to the type of the Warton portrait than to that of the Reynolds.

the collection of manuscripts from Sheffield Park will appeal more strongly than portraits or relics of the illustrious dead. For such as these there is a rare treat prepared in the specimens classified and described with



A CARICATURE.

the date of the Sheffield Park portrait being somewhere between the years 1778 and 1781. There is also a portrait by Romney, which has hitherto been little known, and two further portraits are in the possession of Lord Sheffield and Mr. Alfred Cock, Q.C., respectively.

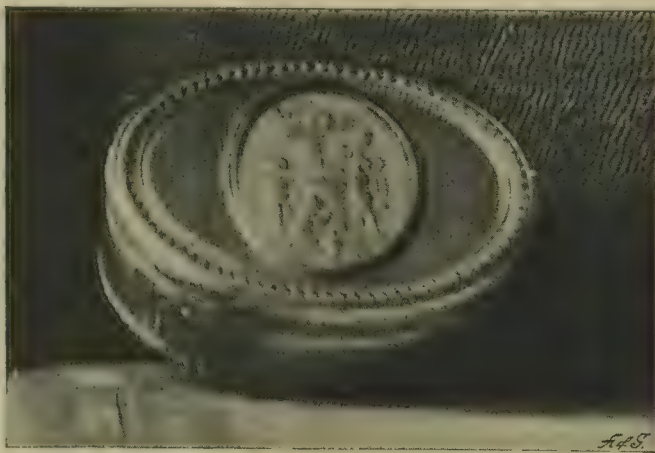


A CARICATURE.

in his opinion by far the best likeness of the historian. Unfortunately, however, nothing is now known of any painter of

the first of these is the original of the well-known engraving which serves as a frontispiece to Vol. I. of Lord Sheffield's edition of "Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works." There it is described as having been painted by "Mr. Warton" in 1774; and Lord Sheffield volunteers the remark that it is

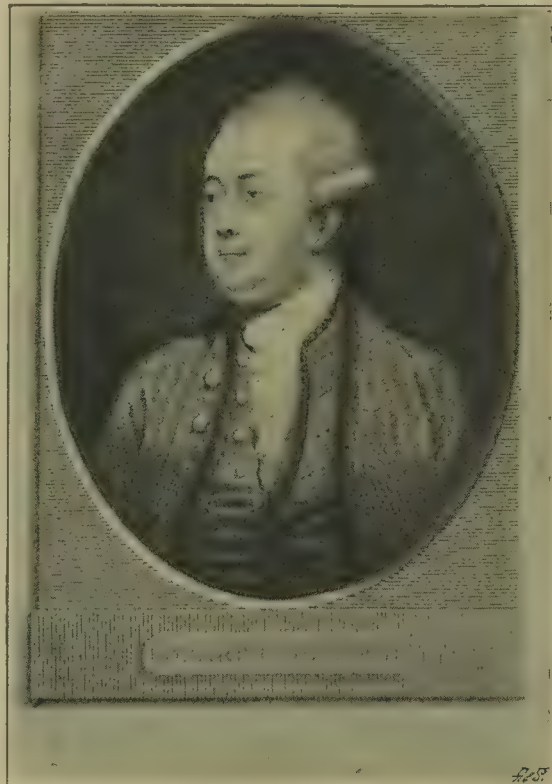
an artistic though somewhat cumbrous specimen of French workmanship; his gold watch, with a few links of plain steel chain attached with that negligence which so well becomes the man of letters in his maturer years; and a Masonic certificate, which should prove a



THE HISTORIAN'S SNUFF-BOX.

special attraction to the brethren who may visit the exhibition.

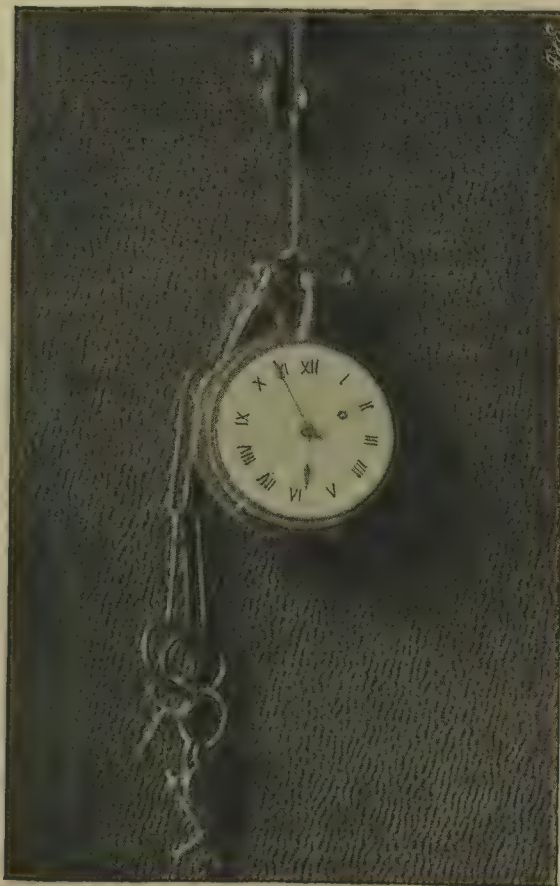
Perhaps, however, to many students of the immortal "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"



EDWARD GIBBON.

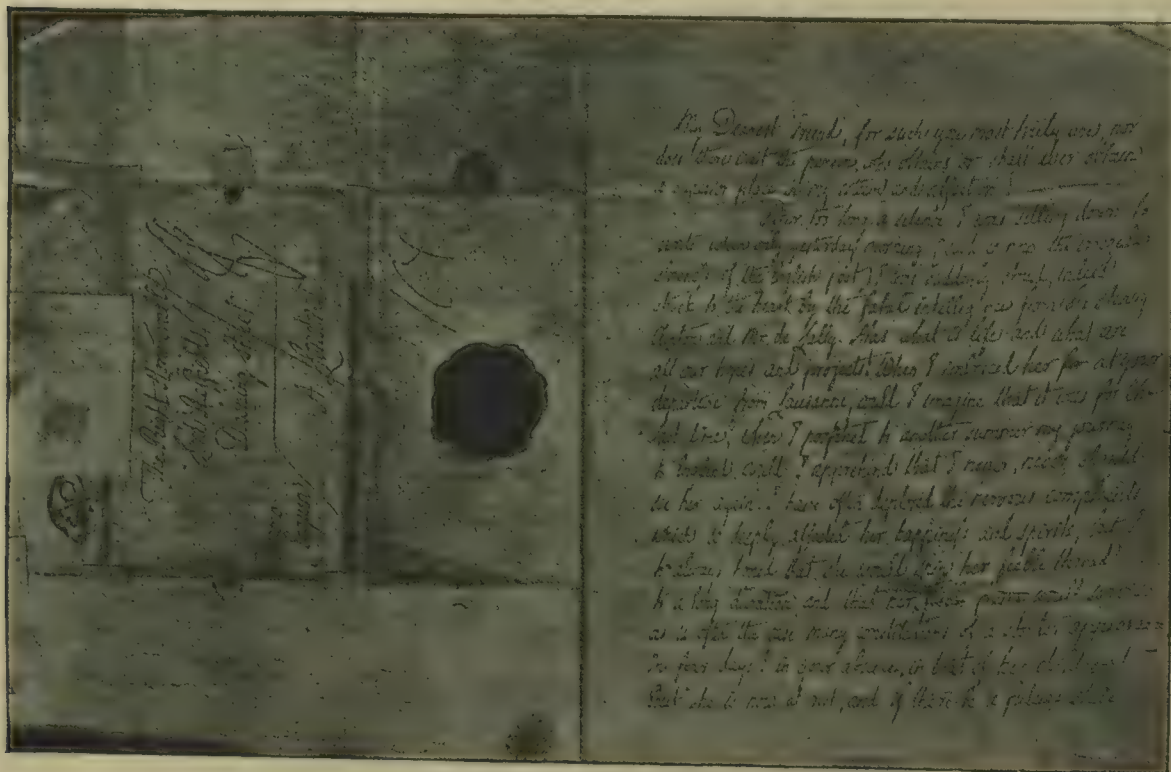
Engraving of the Warton Portrait at Sheffield Park.

admirable judgment by Mr. G. F. Warner, of the British Museum. Gibbon's autobiography and journals, for the most part written, or at least annotated, in his own hand, occupy half the space allotted to the original manuscripts. Then follow the letters, which are more or less characteristic of his vast correspondence with a wide circle of friends. These are followed in turn by the several editions of his printed works, including a very interesting copy of the 1782 edition of the "Decline and Fall," with several of the earliest sentences revised (and possibly not improved) by the author's



THE HISTORIAN'S WATCH.

own hand. With these is included Lord Macaulay's copy, displaying some characteristic annotations; but those who wish to study Gibbon's methods of historical research and the progressive stages of the development of his inimitable style will rather turn to the Commonplace-Books and "Extraits Raisonnés," which are for the most part written in French. These serve at once as an index to the historian's extensive and systematic reading and as a guide to the gradual evolution of his style. At first the former is fairly omnivorous, and the latter halts between an



AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF GIBBON'S TO HIS FRIEND LORD SHEFFIELD.

THE GIBBON COMMEMORATION.



GIBBON'S RESIDENCE AT LAUSANNE.

artificial French and a Gallicised English. At last we reach the period of the fastidious selection and codification of authorities and the lucid and graphic sentences of the greatest masterpiece of English historical literature. In connection with this theme one curious specimen of the early style may be noted here from a *Commonplace-Book*—"How great lord soever one was, it was not allowed to wear the cloak before one was knighted." It is scarcely to be wondered that in those days Gibbon seriously proposed to write his history in French.

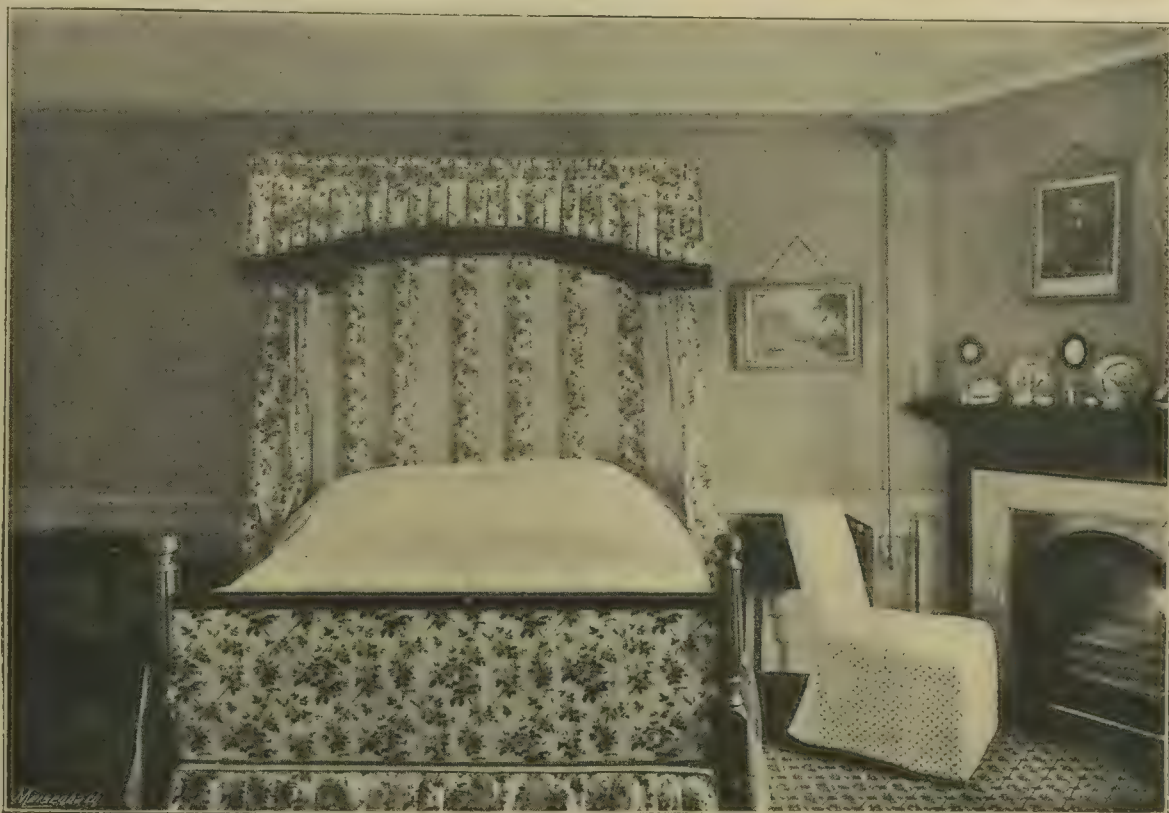
There remains another side of Gibbon's life to be considered in connection with the relics and documents which have been exhibited during the centenary commemoration. This, of course, is associated with the famous residence at Lausanne, and it will perhaps be open to discussion whether the historian's life was more intimately affected by the surroundings of his English or of his Swiss home.

It is certainly true that the earliest and most vivid impressions which can be traced in his autobiographical collections were produced by the scenery and social life of the peaceful Swiss town. Here, too, Gibbon was perhaps more at his ease and more truly at home than either at Sheffield Park or in Downing Square. His earliest friendship was formed with the Swiss scholar Deyverdun, and the closest intimacy, as expressed in his own words, grew up between him and the family of De Sévery. These facts are confirmed by the exhibition at the British Museum of many interesting relics and manuscripts from Lausanne.

Gibbon's friendship with the De Sévery family appears to have begun in the year 1783. This family, which is,

properly speaking, that of De Charrière de Sévery, belonged to the aristocracy of the Canton de Vaud, and was represented at this time by Salomon de Sévery and his wife, Catherine, with whom the historian formed that intimate friendship which is commemorated in many passages of his autobiography as well as by the reference in his autograph will, now in the possession of the De Sévery family, to "Mr. William de Savery, of Lausanne—whom I wish to style by the endearing name of son." William, or Wilhelm, was the son of Salomon de Sévery, and he became entitled, by virtue of the above-mentioned will, to a considerable pecuniary legacy, together with all the household effects in the historian's villa at Lausanne. It is well known that William de Sévery visited England as the guest of Gibbon and also of his friend Lord Sheffield—indeed, he was naturalised in this country. But, though charmed with his cordial reception, by his introduction to royalty, and by the magnificent hospitality of Sheffield Park, William de Sévery was, like Gibbon himself, anxious to return to Switzerland. They were soon to meet again at Lausanne, where they were visited by Lord Sheffield and his family in the summer of 1791.

It would appear from the relics in the Museum exhibition as though both these families claimed a common property in the friendship and welfare of their illustrious friend; and the personal relics, which are now brought together for the first time, form, as it were, the two halves of a complete collection. The historic villa at Lausanne, where the historian wrote the last chapters of his great work, is



THE HISTORIAN'S BED-ROOM AT SHEFFIELD PARK.



GIBBON'S GARDEN AND TERRACE AT LAUSANNE,
From a Water-Colour Drawing.

admirably depicted in a series of four water-colour drawings, two of which, curiously enough, are preserved by each family. Here Gibbon passed the happiest months of his life, surrounded by the books and works of art which he had transported from England. Here he received his friends with a lavish hospitality, dined, played cards, supped, and even danced. Among the Swiss relics are to be found a number of forms of invitation "to dine with Mr. Gibbon," and a choice service of plate and another of Wedgwood china are still preserved in the De Sévery family. It is, indeed, related that on one occasion the historian fell asleep at his own table, and awoke to find his guests departed: and that on another occasion he was in danger of offending the religious susceptibilities of the authorities by giving a dance during the period of a public fast. But we can gather very clearly from the notices of Gibbon's life abroad that he forbore with true courtesy to obtrude his religious opinions upon the family circle of friends, whose convictions he both respected and admired. Possibly this is the real clue to the meaning of the famous letter to his Aunt Hester, in which his religious convictions are expressed with an equivocation which has been regarded as inconsistent with his known opinions. Indeed, a desire to avoid giving offence is a characteristic trait of Gibbon's sweet and noble disposition. We see it clearly in his intercourse with his friends at Sheffield Park and Lausanne, and still more clearly in his own family relations. It was in deference to his father's wishes that he gave up the one romantic attachment of his life. The circumstance at the time seemed but little to his credit, and yet perhaps the event was fortunate for both parties. Few friendships

THE GIBBON COMMEMORATION.

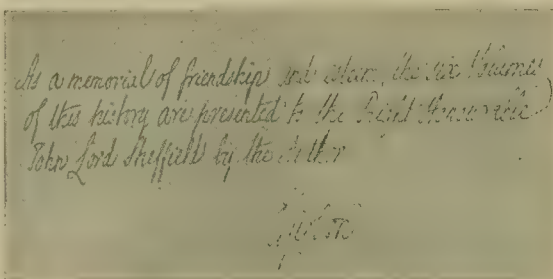


GIBBON IN HIS GARDEN AT LAUSANNE.
From an old Water-colour Drawing.

between a man and a woman under similar conditions have been more free from reproach. Theirs was a perfect understanding, and it was rewarded by the serene pleasures of a lifelong intercourse.



MEDALLION BUST OF EDWARD GIBBON, BY WEDGWOOD.
Lent by M. de Sévery.

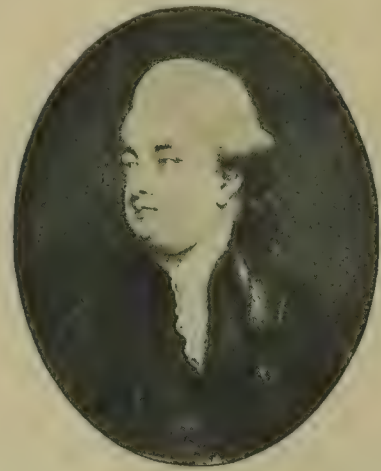


THE INSCRIPTION IN LORD SHEFFIELD'S COPY OF
"THE DECLINE AND FALL."

There is one more relic from Lausanne which will excite not a little astonishment and even incredulity in the minds of those who have not gained a true insight into the honest and trustful nature of the man. This is Gibbon's Bible, used by him, according to local testimony collected by General Meredith Read, in the bedchamber of his Swiss home, and marked in many places in pencil or with the petals of flowers. Surely there is nothing incomprehensible in this simple tradition? If Gibbon could conform to the religious usages of a Swiss Protestant community and household, he could also have taken part in still more characteristic devotions. At least, he has written nothing which could have sealed that one Book to him.

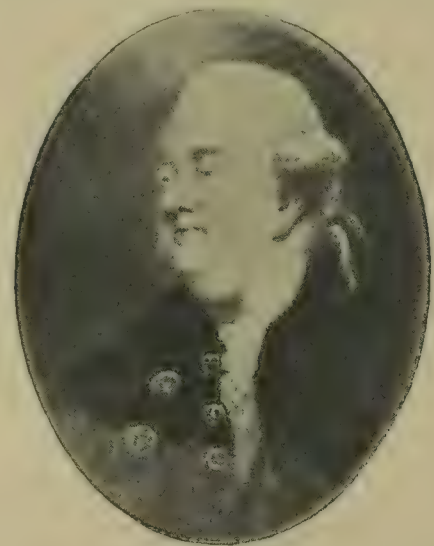
The Swiss correspondence makes it clear that Gibbon left Lausanne with a heavy heart in the early summer of 1793 on his way to England. He was already prostrated by the ravages of a disease which was as painful as it was depressing to the spirits of any man not possessed of perfect fortitude. The last scene in the majestic drama of a noble life is laid in the bed-chamber in St. James's Street. The tale of suffering unrelieved by human skill, but partly

mitigated by the loving care of those around him, is infinitely touching as it is told in a letter of his valet Dussault to



MINIATURE OF EDWARD GIBBON, BY E. GODWIN,
Lent by Mr. Alfred Morrison.

friends in Switzerland. To the last his thoughts, his anxieties, were for others. The devoted servants were



MINIATURE OF GIBBON, AFTER REYNOLDS, BY BONE.
Lent by Mr. Hallam Murray.

ordered from his presence that they might not see him die. And thus he died alone, as he had lived, a single-minded scholar and an unselfish friend.



THE Luminous Historian.

London: Published by W. Holland Rinteller N. 50,
Isford Street, August the 12th 1783.

I was present on the second day of Hastings's trial in Westminster Hall, when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin drop. During one of those days Sheridan, having observed Gibbon among the audience, took occasion to mention "the luminous author of 'The Decline and Fall.'" After he had finished, one of his friends reproached him with flattering Gibbon. "Why, what did I say of him?" asked Sheridan. "You called him the luminous author." "Luminous! oh, I meant voluminous."—TALK OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

CHAP. I.

The Extent and Military Force of the Empire in the Age of the Antonines.

IN the second century of the Christian Era, the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind. The frontiers of that extensive monarchy were guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valour. The gentle, but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces. Their peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury. The image of a free constitution was preserved with decent reverence: The Roman senate appeared to possess the sovereign authority, and devolved on the emperors all the executive powers of government. During a happy period of more than four score years, the public administration was conducted by the virtue and abilities of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the two Antonines. It is the design of this, and of the two succeeding chapters, to describe the prosperous condition of their empire; and afterwards, from the death of Marcus

CHAP. I.
Introduction.

A. D. 98—130.

VOL. I.

B

Antoninus

+ Should I not have given the history of that fortunate period which began from the tyrannical reign of Nero, which was interrupted between two tyrants, Decius and the reign of Aurelian? I should not have deduced the decline of the empire from the civil wars, but from the early knowledge of the empire.

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF "THE DECLINE AND FALL,"
WITH THE AUTHOR'S EMENDATIONS.

THE LAST BALLADS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A man must indeed "love a ballad but even too well" if he has not had his fill of them by the time that Professor Child, of Harvard, completes his collection. It has been popping out in volumes for many a year; we have now reached Part IX., and only Part X., with notes of all

story." Not Mr. Thomson, but King Solomon is the hero, in Russian, Servian, and German! As early as the twelfth century the French had the story, with "the weary King Ecclesiast" for hero. Among the Servians the incident of the walking wood (as in the case of Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane) is found. The John Thomson who was proverbially the slave of his wife is a different character. In "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence"

later, Nancy, for fun, works the hemp-seed spell on Hallowe'en

Hemp seed, I sow thee,
Hemp seed, grow thee!
And he who will my true love be,
Come after me,
And show thee!

A spectral Frank comes! The real Frank is wrecked on the coast, and dies. The other sailors said that, on Hallowe'en, Frank was convulsed, and then lay as one dead. On recovering he swore vengeance on the woman who had drawn his "astral body" out of his every-day body, and on the night of his funeral his ghost, riding in grave-clothes, carried Nancy away. She was rescued by an intrepid smith, but a piece of her dress was found on Frank's grave. Nancy died before morning. Mr. Child pursues analogous legends through the Russian, Albanian, modern Greek, Servian, and Bulgarian. How did the story reach Suffolk and Cornwall, or was it independently developed in one of these counties? There is something eerie in the sailors observing the condition of Frank when under the hemp-seed spell.

"The Gowden Vanitee," which Mr. Du Maurier sings, is an old schoolboy love of mine. It occurs, with differences, in Mr. Samuel Pepys's collection, where Sir Walter Raleigh is the Skipper, and the vessel is called *The Sweet Trinity*. It can be had with a happy or with a mournful conclusion, according to the taste and fancy of the singer. "The Outlaw Murray" comes last of all ballads: it is long, weak, and only of local interest; while it is impossible to pick any grains of real history out of it. The address of the King to Sir Walter Scott—

If every man had his ain cow,
A right poor clan thine own would be—

certainly reads very much like a humorous addition by the other Sir Walter Scott. His collection of ballads is at Abbotsford, where I was once sorely tempted to write a spurious ballad in old ink, on old paper, push it into the bundle, and so try to play a trick on Mr. Child when he came to edit the mass. But probity—and fear that Mr. Child might prove too smart—overcame the suggestion of the Evil One.

The Finance Committee of the London School Board, through their chairman, Mr. Lobb, have presented an estimate for the first half of the financial year 1895-96. The expenditure for the last half-year had been £1,051,031, while the revised estimate for the current half-year is £1,092,000—together, £2,143,031. The estimate of expenditure for the first half of 1895-96 was £1,083,800, and of



P'AILOU AT THE PEI-LING, THE EMPEROR TAI TSUNG'S TOMB, MUKDEN.

sorts, is to be expected. "Everything has an end, even Wimpole Street." The worst of a publication in parts is that one always loses the back numbers. As they cost a guinea a-piece, this becomes serious. However, all is nearly over now.

Professor Child, I think, has exhausted the matter of ballads. They are *all* here, with all the variants, from all the manuscripts, and with notes and learned introductions. There is literally no more to be done to them. To find the origin of the stories in the ballads (that is, the non-historical ballads) is as difficult (or impossible) as in the case of fairy tales. Professor Child gives all the foreign forms which he knows, though possibly more may be found as the stories of savages are collected. He adds even bad ballads, on the chance that there may be a grain of gold in the quartz. A more strenuous performance has rarely been more adequately executed, in popular literature has perhaps never been executed. We might wish that a Briton had achieved the adventure, but nobody will grudge all honour to the learned American undertaker. Professor Child will need repose after so great a labour. When he turns to work again, is it too cruel to suggest that he, if anyone, can do for Jacobite songs, and for the songs perverted so charmingly by Burns, what he has done for the older minstrelsy? He, if anyone, can criticise and restore in the wilderness of Hogg's and his followers' work. To be sure, the adventurer would need not only tact and knowledge, but familiarity with the Gaelic tongue. Without Gaelic, no man can say how Hogg treated his Highland originals. To encourage Professor Child, I quote a very queer verse from what is called a "Border Jacobite Song" of 1749, said to have been collected for Scott, and published, thirty years ago, in a *Border Magazine*, long dead—

Let the rivers stop and stand
Like walls on either side,
And our Highland lad pass through,
With Jehovah for his guide.
Dry up the river Forth,
As Thou didst the Red Sea,
When Israel cam' hame
To his ain countrie.

The rest of this pious and loyal poem is worse written, but the curses on the Volunteers—

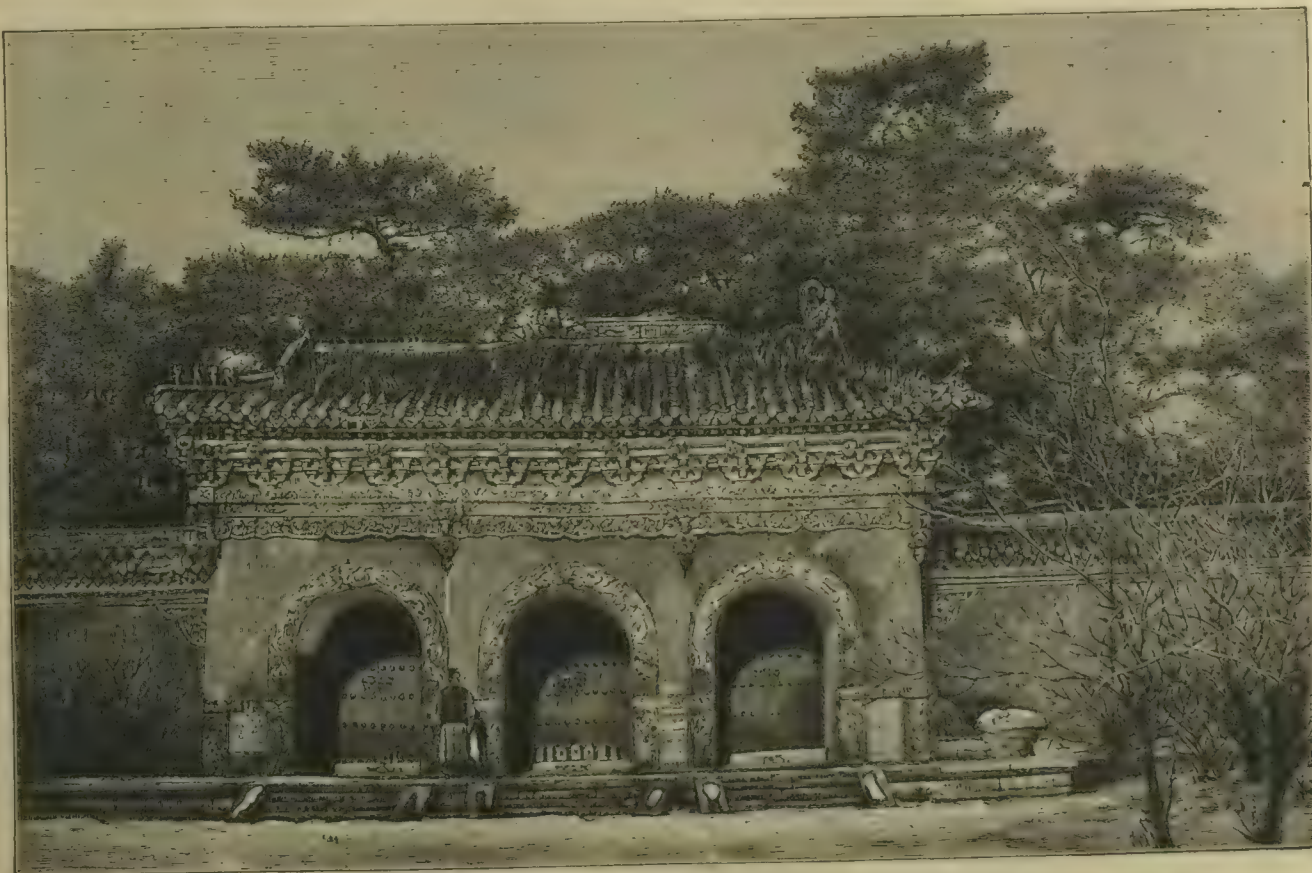
Who fought against their Prince
In his ain countrie—

appear to be contemporaneous and genuine.

Among Professor Child's discoveries some are very interesting. Most balladists scorn that "young chieftain," John Thomson, who fought the Turks, whose lady joined him, who found that she was off with a True Believer, and who ingeniously avenged himself. It is indeed "a ridiculous ballad," but "a seedling from an ancient and very notable

(1692) is a snatch of a sermon from a Covenanting minister: "Samson, you may well call him Fool Tamson, for of all the John Tamson's men that ever was he was the fooliest!" You may hear similar eloquence now from at least one Free Kirk pulpit in the Highlands.

"The Lord of Lorn" is another odd ballad, all about a young Lorne who "delights his father with the information that he can read any book in Scotland." Sent to France to finish his education, he is betrayed by a false steward, reduced to a menial condition, and, finally, marries a daughter of France. A proud man might the French king be when his lass got a son of Macchailean Mohr! But the legend does not seem to be borne out by the authentic genealogy of the House of Argyll. The Suffolk Miracle (a peasant form of Bürger's "Lenore") is well known.



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A rich farmer's daughter loves a lowly swain, and she is sent forty miles off to change her mind. The lover dies; his ghost rides to her house, carries her off, and complains of a headache. She lends him her kerchief: he puts up the horse, and then disappears. Her kerchief is found in his grave. There is a better Cornish version, in prose. Nancy loves Frank, who is sent to India. Three years

receipts £338,700. After allowing, on the one hand, for a working balance, and on the other, for the balance in hand, the net deficiency to be provided from the rates is £735,568. It is pointed out that while, when the last Board came into office, the rate was 8d. in the pound they left it at 11d., under the present Board it had decreased, and for the current year is less than 10½d.

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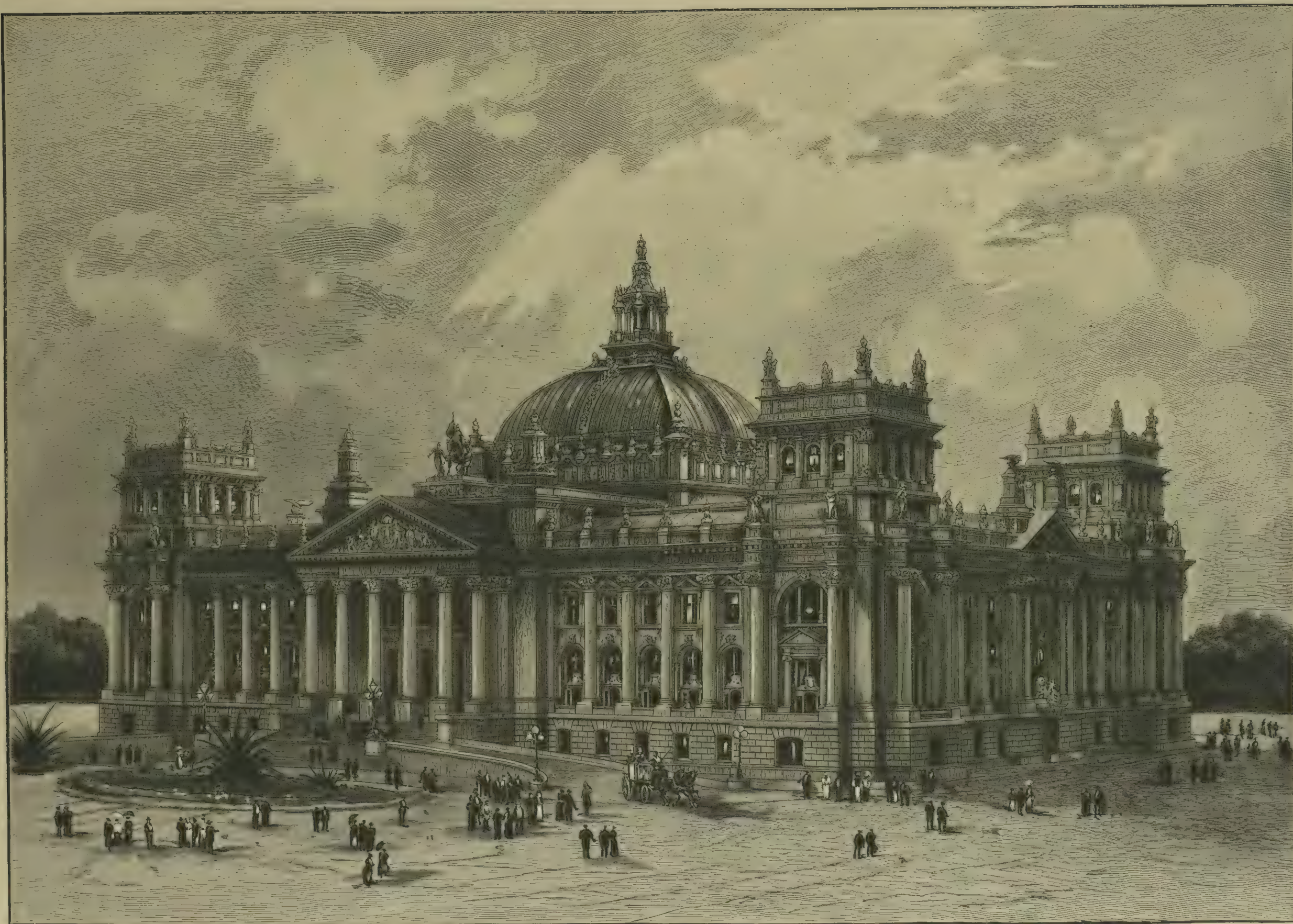
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THE NEW PALACE OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT AT BERLIN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has sent me a reprint, in pamphlet form, of his last contribution to the controversy regarding the inheritance of acquired characters. It is entitled "Weismannism Once More," and appeared originally in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. It is a satisfactory rejoinder to the latest declarations of the Weismann school, and there is a touch of sarcasm in the words "No reply," wherewith Mr. Spencer concludes certain of the paragraphs in which he traverses his opponent's statements. He has formulated many important objections to the Weismannian views of things, and to these objections "no reply" has been vouchsafed. Therefore, the next stage in the controversy will be awaited with supreme interest. If Weismannism is to make headway at all as a biological theory, its supporters will certainly have to look to their laurels. So long as Mr. Spencer's recent deliverance remains unanswered, there should be little talk heard of the success with which Weismannism can be credited as an explanation of heredity and kindred topics.

Also, the evidence that acquired characters may be inherited, if circumstances prove favourable, grows apace. Long ago I pointed out that above and beyond "old wives' tales" of the reproduction in the progeny of characters accidentally acquired by the parents, there remained to be dealt with a fairly solid body of evidence of inheritance of such characters. I contended that such evidence was, as a rule, ignored without examination, and this, I need not add, is both a nonsensical and unscientific method of dismissing a great issue, in the elucidation of which the *audi alteram partem* motto should certainly be kept in view. Among the most recent proofs on the side that acquired characters may be transmitted is that afforded by Mr. Leonard Hill, who writes from the Physiological Laboratory of University College, London. He tells us the interesting story of inheritance in the guinea-pig. He had produced, at the request of the late Dr. G. Romanes, in a male and female guinea-pig, a droop of the left upper eyelid by division of the left cervical sympathetic nerve. Now, two guinea-pigs were born to this couple at Oxford, just before Dr. Romanes' lamented death, and in both of these young animals "a well-marked droop of the left upper eyelid" is seen. The operation on the parents took place some months before the birth of the young. Here surely, is a striking instance of a purely arbitrary and artificial condition or accident in the parent being inherited by the offspring. Mr. Hill remarks that this experiment serves to confirm certain investigations and views of Brown-Séquard, as the result of which he maintained the possibility of the transmission of acquired characters. Epilepsy was alleged to have been thus transmitted after having been artificially produced. The conclusions of Brown-Séquard were much criticised, and by many biologists utterly ignored. It seems as if the whirligig of time, here as elsewhere, was bringing in his revenges, and substantiating from outside and independent sources the views of the late distinguished physiologist.

In an appendix to his pamphlet Mr. Spencer draws attention to some remarkable results obtained by experimentation on the developing young of various animals, showing how impressions and injuries affecting the embryos resulted in the production, directly, of certain significant results. It is the contention of Dr. Weismann and his school that the reproductive cells of the living body are essentially distinct from and unaffected by the body-cells or ordinary units of the frame. The former, he says, alone transmit the inheritance of parental characters, and as they are unaffected (in his theoretical view) by the body-cells, it follows, of course, that no acquired characters on the part of the body should ever be handed on. Mr. Spencer shows that thirty years ago he contended that all cells have a general "reproductive potentiality," exhibited in the case of the begonias and other plants, whereof each fraction of a pounded and broken-up plant can grow and become a new plant. This alone teaches us that Weismannism certainly cannot apply at least to living things all round. More recent investigations show also that galls, for example, are produced almost anywhere on the surface of a plant by insect-stimulus, and Professor Hertwig adds that in most cases these galls, grown, in a sense, at random on the plant-surface, will actually give rise to a new plant if placed in damp earth. Here the Weismannian idea of reproductive cells as specialised from body-cells, is certainly of none effect.

Very important, too, were the experiments on the developing eggs of various animals. In the early stages of development the egg undergoes a process of division or segmentation, and this process is important, because literally the division of the egg affords the cells out of which the body of the new animal will be built up. Now, Dr. Weismann, taking the egg of an echinus or "sea-urchin," separated the first two and the first four segmentation spheres which were produced, with the result that he obtained two (or four) naturally formed larvae, respectively one half and a quarter of the normal size. If Weismannism were true this result would have been impossible of attainment. It was the same with the egg-segmentation of the lowest fish—the *Amphioxus*, or lancelet. Wilson, taking a separated sphere of the two, four, and eight-celled stage, obtained a natural but proportionately diminished embryo with a complete nervous system. And even in cases in which some of the egg-spheres have been artificially destroyed, Chabry found natural larvae to be produced. Clearly then, so far from the young embryo exhibiting a division into reproductive and body-cells, it would seem that all the multiplying cells of the developing body, as Mr. Spencer says, are alike; and also that the ordinary body-cells of the adult "severally retain in a latent form all the powers of the original embryo-cell." The case against Weismannism, therefore, grows strong, and in the interests of rational biology one can only rejoice in the overthrow of a theory which it seems to me, personally, from the first has been constructed in the very face of facts, and with a fatal disregard of the common teachings and experiences of physiology.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- J. A. Evans (Monmouth).—We regret we cannot reply by post. There is, however, not the slightest commercial value to your invention.
- A. H. (Belfast).—We should be pleased to oblige you, but the game we have examined is lost at such an early stage that the prolonged struggle is tedious. The other shall be further examined.
- J. E. Gore.—Your problem is rather too elementary, but we shall always be pleased to examine anything you may send us.
- J. M. K. L. (Richmond).—The game is not sufficiently attractive for publication, and we regret the problem also is too hackneyed in idea for our use.
- E. J. F. B. (Bristol).—Solution acknowledged below, but you may often find a similar delay, owing to press arrangements.
- J. A. Durrill (Stepney).—Most certainly. The check is given by the creation of the Queen.
- J. W. Scott.—We cannot at the moment oblige you, but if an opportunity occurs we will endeavour to find the solution.
- R. Kelly (of Kelly).—Received with thanks.
- E. H. It (Brighton).—We can scarcely make an intimation without having full particulars before us.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2631 and 2635 received from M. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar (Mysore Province); of No. 2636 from Rev. A. de la Meures (Baltimore); of No. 2638 from M. A. Eyre; of No. 2639 from E. B. Ford, J. F. Moon, J. Bailey (Newark), C. T. Salusbury, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Charles Wagner (Vienna), M. A. Eyre, W. E. Thompson, and T. G. (Ware).
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2640 received from G. T. Hughes (Athy), J. Dixon, Edward J. Sharpe, A. H. B. Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. David (Cardiff), Dawn, J. Ross (Whitley), Alpha, Ubique, Hereward, A. Newman, E. E. H. Sorrento, Shadforth, Charles Wagner (Vienna), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J. F. Moon, T. Roberts, G. Douglas Angus, C. D. (Camberwell), G. Joicey, C. E. Perugini, H. B. Hurford, E. Loudon, W. Wright, J. T. Blakemore (Edgbaston), Dal, W. R. Raille, H. N. (Winchester), E. J. F. B. (Clifton), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Dr. F. St. and E. W. Bunnell (Edgbaston).

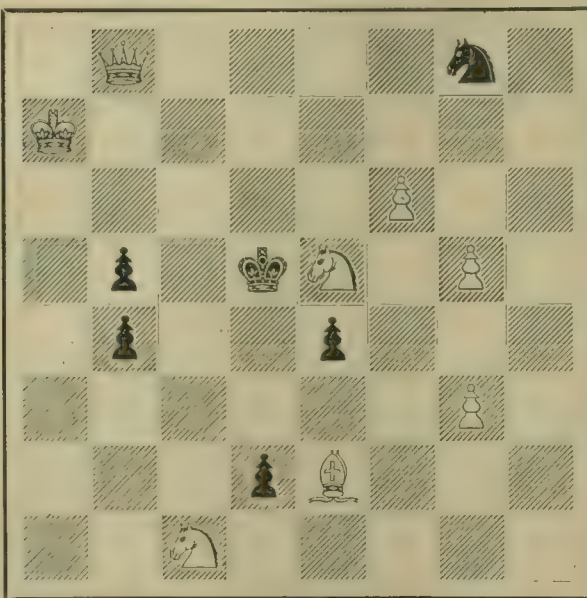
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2639.—By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

- WHITE.
1. Q to Q 3rd
2. Kt to B 4th (dis ch)
3. B to B 6th. Mate.
- BLACK.
P takes Q
K to R 5th
- If Black play 1. Q takes P (ch), 2. Kt takes Q (dis ch), K to R 5th or Kt to Q 3rd; 3. Q takes R P, Mate. If 1. P takes R (becoming a Q), Kt to Q 7th (dis ch); 2. Any move; 3. Q mates. If Black play 1. Q to R sq, 2. Q to B 4th; if 1. Q takes B P, 2. Q takes R P (ch); and if 1. Kt takes Kt, then 2. Q takes Kt, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2642.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

One of twenty games played simultaneously by Mr. TEICHMANN at the City News Rooms, his opponent being Mr. W. HAMPTON.

(Petroff's Defence.)

- | | | | |
|---|----------------|---|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. H.) | WHITE (Mr. T.) | BLACK (Mr. H.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 17. Kt to B 2nd | Kt to Kt 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 18. P to B 4th | |
| 3. B to B 4th | Kt takes P | A good move, by which White soon obtains the superior position. | |
| 4. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 19. B takes B | B takes Kt |
| 5. Kt takes P | P to Q 4th | 20. B to B 2nd | P takes P |
| 6. B to Kt 3rd | B to K 3rd | 21. P to K R 3rd | P to R 5th |
| 7. P to Q 4th | P to B 3rd | 22. Q to Q 2nd | B to Q 4th |
| 8. Castles | Q Kt to Q 2nd | 23. B to R 2nd | Kt to Q 2nd |
| 9. P to B 4th | Q to Kt 3rd | 24. Q to R 2nd | Q R to K sq |
| 10. Kt to K 2nd | Castles | 25. B to Q sq | R to K 7th |
| 11. P to B 3rd | B to Q 3rd | 26. R to K sq | R takes Kt P |
| 12. B to K 3rd | Kt to Q 5th | 27. B to R 5th | Q to Q sq |
| It seems Black might have won a Pawn by B takes Kt. White cannot refrain with Q P on account of Q takes B (ch) followed by Kt to K 6th; therefore B P takes B. Kt takes P, and a good position. | | | |
| 13. Q to B sq | P to B 3rd | 28. R to K sq | Q to Q sq |
| 14. Kt to Q 3rd | P to K R 4th | 29. B to R 5th | |
| P to Kt 3rd should have been played now, with a perfectly secure position. | | | |
| 15. P to B 5th | B to K B 2nd | 30. Q to Q 6th, and White mates in a few more moves. | |
| 16. Kt (at K 2nd) to K B 4th | Kt to B sq | | |

CHESS IN PRAGUE.

Game played between MESSRS. KAMMEK and KOTRE.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------|--|----------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. Kammeke). | BLACK (Mr. Kotre). | WHITE (Mr. Kammeke). | BLACK (Mr. Kotre). |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 18. Q to K 2nd | B to B 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 19. Kt takes Q B P | |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | Kt to K B 3rd | A fatal blunder, but by no means obviously so until the answer has been delivered. | |
| 4. P to Q 4th | Kt takes K P | 20. Kt takes Q | B to Q Kt 2nd |
| 5. Castles | B to K 2nd | The alternative was to abandon the piece, which equally loses. | |
| 6. Q to K 2nd | Kt to Q 3rd | 21. K to R sq | R takes P (ch) |
| 7. B takes Kt | Kt P takes B | 22. K R to K sq | R takes Kt |
| 8. P takes P | Kt to Kt 2nd | 23. P to K B 3rd | K takes Q |
| 9. P to B 4th | Castles | 24. R takes R | B takes P (ch) |
| 10. Kt to B 3rd | P to K B 3rd | 25. K to Kt sq | B to K 5th (dis. ch) |
| 11. Kt to K 4th | Kt to B 4th | 27. Kt to Kt 3rd | B to Q 5th (ch) |
| The Knight has manoeuvred according to well-known rules, and now begins to occupy a commanding position. | | | |
| 12. P takes P | P takes P | 28. K to B sq | B to K B sq |
| This opening of the Knight's file is an unfortunate necessity, but it turns out all right in the long run. | | | |
| 13. Kt to Q 4th | | White resigns. | |
| The Knight play on both sides is an interesting feature of this game. | | | |
| 14. Kt to K Kt 3rd | P to B 4th | | |
| 15. Q to Kt 4th (ch) | P to B 5th | | |
| 16. B takes P | Kt to P sq | | |
| 17. Kt (at K 3rd) to B 5th | P to Q 3rd | | |
| | R to K Kt sq | | |

The Chess Monthly for November contains a portrait of Mr. Teichmann, whose recent performance in the Leipzig Tournament has set the seal to his reputation as a master of the game. His simultaneous play is recognised as second to none, and we have much pleasure in publishing above an elegant example of his skill in that direction.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

There is quite a revival in fashion for this winter of the smooth, glossy-surfaced fabric that we knew some years ago as "satin cloth." It is a very charming material, supple and soft, and yet having a gloss on the surface that gives it importance. A somewhat different material is zibeline, which has a more roughish surface, but is still smooth—not knotty, nor hairy to an obtrusive degree; this is said to be made by weaving rabbit's fur in—anyhow, it is very popular for good gowns, makes up with a nice pliability, and seems as if it would wear for a very long time. Some new mantle cloths are deserving of notice; they are manufactured reversible, the one side being in a dark tone and the other side of the brighter colour that is suitable for lining. Thus, as the material is very thick, the fashionable and useful capes that are so much worn, and generally called golf capes, can be made without any lining, the brighter side of the material serving, too, for the relief of tone that the lined hood gives in these garments. Quite a novelty in materials for the smartest gowns is what is called *velours à jour*. This is velvet stamped out in patterns which are worked round exactly like the Swiss embroidery that we all know in cambric. This makes up very effectively over a different coloured satin when an open pattern is chosen; it is used, of course, only for trimmings, especially for vests and cuffs, but sometimes for skirt panels or bands. Sapphire-blue worked velvet laid over cream satin decorates a black silk dress; or dark green velvet over yellow goes with a lime-green cloth. These were combinations shown me at a great house. Brown *velours à jour* over old-rose satin is also good, and black on palest tan or any bright tint.

I have been studying the new millinery in detail, and am struck with the variety of colours put by Paris milliners on one and the same chapeau. Black goes into most of them, but many other colours are used mixed with black freely. For instance, there was a flat Dutch-shaped bonnet made of pale-brown chenille and darker straw plaited together, the shape outlined with jet; at the front were two rosettes of blue velvet, with small black ostrich feathers tightly curled rising as aigrettes above the rosettes; at the extreme back were two upstanding clusters of metallic-shaded, darkly iridescent Impeyan pheasant plumes, fixed on with bows of brown and blue velvet; and the strings were black. A toque shape was of brown chenille and black satin plaited together, with a big puff of petunia velvet covering the crown, black ostrich feathers falling on the hair at the back in the "ears" that are now so much affected, and bows of petunia velvet rising at the front. Another mixture was a crown of periwinkle-blue velvet, powdered with steel paillettes, edged by sable tails for the brim, having clusters of violets for trimming at each side of the front, tiny black tips with black osprey waving over in the precise centre, and black ostrich tips for the "ears" resting on the back hair.

Another charming French bonnet has a brim of loosely plaited "pervenche" straw, crinkled becomingly above the face; a crown of white cloth, folded up and held in its puffs by little cut steel pins; a big, broad double bow of dark blue velvet, with a large cut-steel pin on each bow, giving width above the face; and white osprey waving at the front, and black ostrich tips to form "ears," and black strings. Steel is much used; a black velvet bonnet had a jet edging round the Stuart front, above which came a sable tail laid round the shape, and then a coronet of steel, with a brush osprey in brown and black mixed at the precise centre of the front. Embroidery is called in to make the richest effects on the crowns. A pale green cloth crown profusely embroidered in a "rising-sun" sort of design in gold cord of the finest width and pale pink beads and gold paillettes, was placed inside a brim of lime-green velvet, an ear of the velvet hanging from either side at the back, and a couple of big bows standing wide out at the front, each of them decorated with a large gold pin having a big chrysoprase set in it. This was stringless, as was another with a brim covered with crisply curled brown feather trimming and a brown cloth crown embroidered in jet; royal blue and black velvet bows widely trimming the front, and black osprey waving over all. A white cloth crown had a brim of crinkly straw in a bright cherry red much affected by Paris milliners this season; there were red velvet bows with a paste buckle to adorn the centre, and a twist of black velvet to divide the two reds; black strings, and black feathers to fall at the back, with white osprey towering over all. White cloth crowns are a great deal used for toques, with any other colour for brim and trimming.

A very interesting wedding is that which is shortly to take place between a daughter of the Duke of Westminster and a brother of the Duchess of York. The effect of the formal consent given by the Queen in Council to the wedding of Prince Adolphus of Teck with Lady Margaret Grosvenor will be that the bride will be allowed to bear the title of her husband, which it is not possible for her to do unless by her Majesty's special permission. Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar was not called by that title till a considerable time after her marriage, it being considered, in accordance with Continental custom when a royal personage marries a lady not of royal blood, a "morganatic" marriage—one perfectly honourable, and giving the lady the sole legal claim to be the wife of her husband, but not allowing her to share his title, nor to have sons entitled to succeed to their father's rights, whatever they may be. There is some popular misunderstanding on this point in England, but that such a union is perfectly honourable is shown by the fact that the Queen allowed her own daughter (Princess Beatrice) and her granddaughter (Princess Victoria of Hesse) respectively to marry Princes Henry and Louis of Battenberg, who were the sons of such a marriage. Indeed, the Duke of Teck himself is the son of Duke Alexander of Württemberg by his morganatic marriage with the Countess of Hohenstein. But here we are not accustomed to this arrangement. We have a fixed idea that a woman is made her husband's equal by their marriage; and the daughter of a great peer, if she marries a young prince, would not be thought to be fairly treated if denied her husband's style, title, and name.

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FINAL COURT OF APPEAL.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 22, 1894), with two codicils (one bearing the same date as the will, and the other Sept. 12, 1894), of Mr. Thomas Dunn, of Prince's Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 1, was proved on Nov. 1 by Charles Francis Greathead, Frederick John Blake, and Arthur George Parson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £161,000. The testator settles the Coombend estate, Gloucestershire, his residence Prince's Gardens, with the stables, and all other his real estate wheresoever, on Charles Greathead, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son successively, according to seniority, and the heirs of the body of his first and every other son. The furniture, plate, pictures, books, etc., at Prince's Gardens are made heirlooms to go therewith. He bequeaths £50,000 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent Consolidated Stock, subject to the payment thereof of some annuities to servants, upon trusts similar to the uses declared of his real estate; £20,000 of the like stock upon trust for Alice Greathead (widow of John Greathead) for life, and then for Ellen Scott, Alice Greathead and Elizabeth Greathead (daughters of the said John Greathead), and Geoffrey Cail, in equal shares; £15,000 of the like stock upon trust for Ellen Scott, her husband and

children; £12,000 of the like stock upon trust for Ann Proudlock for life, and then for her children; £2000 of the like stock upon trust for Henry Wordsworth, his wife and children; and £2200 of the like stock upon trust for Susan Millman for life; and very numerous other legacies. He also bequeaths £105 each to the Refuge for the Destitute (Dalston), the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary (Margate), the Marylebone School for Girls, St. Thomas's Hospital, St. George's Hospital, King's College Hospital, York County Hospital, the General Infirmary, Gloucester; the Cheltenham Hospital, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church. The residue of his personal estate he gives equally between the said Charles Greathead and Ellen Scott.

The will (dated May 3, 1890), with two codicils (dated Feb. 4 and Dec. 23, 1893), of Mr. George Simpson, of Wray Park, Reigate, who died on Aug. 29, was proved on Nov. 3 by Mrs. Emma Charlotte Simpson, the widow, William Moore Shirreff and Henry Stedall, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £117,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, furniture, books, articles of household use or ornament (except the

oil paintings and water-colour drawings not already given to her), horses and carriages, to his wife, and he makes up her income during widowhood, with the income she will receive from the shares and stocks invested by him in their joint names, to £1500 per annum; and in the event of her marrying again he gives her £800 per annum; and there are numerous legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his children or remoter descendants, and in such shares and manner as his wife shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1893), with two codicils (dated Jan. 30 and Feb. 20, 1894), of Mr. Edward Horner, J.P., of Mayplace, Crayford, Kent, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Oct. 31 by Charles Edward Horner, the son, Hubert Decimus Egerton and John Shuter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £90,000. The testator confirms the settlement made on his marriage with his late wife, and also that made on his marriage with his present wife; and now bequeaths £1000, an annuity of £500, all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, wines, stores, articles of household use, etc., and two carriages and two horses, to be selected by her, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Horner. He confirms the settlements made on his children on their respective

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marriages, and gives considerable legacies to them; there are also legacies to his executors and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children in equal shares.

The will of Mr. Samuel Mountford Gibbs (formerly of the city of Melbourne, Victoria), of Fairleigh, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on Nov. 2 by Prideaux Selby, secretary to the Bank of Australasia, Andrew Murray, manager of the London and County Bank, Hastings, and Henry Morten Cotton, of 4, Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, solicitor, the executors and trustees. The net value of personal property in England amounts to £89,961. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £200, and all his plate, furniture, household effects, horses, carriages, etc., to his wife, and his freehold house and stables at Fairleigh, with land adjoining, to his wife for life, and on her death to his daughter, Florence Louisa Hamilton absolutely. He also gives to his daughter his leasehold house and premises 1, Queen's Gate Gardens, Kensington. After giving a legacy of £5000 to his grandson if he attains twenty-one, and legacies to his executors, he gives £250 each to the Children's Convalescent Home (St. Leonards-on-Sea), the Hospital for Women (Soho Square) the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children (Marylebone Road), and the Soldiers' Institution

(Portsmouth). All legacies free from duty. He further directs his trustees to set apart £25,000 for the children of his daughter Florence who shall attain twenty-one. The income in the meantime to be accumulated and added to the principal. The trustees are directed to stand possessed of all the residue of his estate, including his property in Australia, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £1200 out of the income to his wife during widowhood, and the residue of the income to his said daughter Florence, for her sole and separate use during her life; at her death the residue is to be held in trust for her children.

The will (dated April 18, 1888), with a codicil (dated Oct. 21, 1892), of Mr. Arthur Edward Turnour, M.D., of Grove House, Denbigh, has been proved at St. Asaph by the executors, his sons, the Rev. Arthur Henry Turnour and Edward Adolphus Turnour, and his friend, Thomas Gold Edwards, the personal estate being sworn at £77,532 2s. 10d. The testator, by his will, bequeaths legacies and an annuity to sundry friends and servants; and all his property and effects in or about his residence and lands equally between his said two sons and his daughter, Anne Mary Turnour. As to the residue of his personal and real estate, he leaves one third to his son Arthur Henry Turnour, one third to his son Edward Adolphus Turnour, and one third, upon trust, for his daughter, Anne

Mary Turnour. By the codicil he gives all his freehold in Park Street, Denbigh, to his said daughter absolutely.

The will (dated March 3, 1892), with two codicils (dated Aug. 3, 1892, and March 6, 1893), of Mrs. Mary Ann Atkinson, of 47, Gordon Square, who died on Sept. 13, was proved on Nov. 1 by William Hancock and Thomas Webster Hancock, the nephews, and Walter Scadding, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £72,000. The testatrix bequeaths a landscape by Hobbema to the National Gallery, and she wishes, if not inconsistent with the rules, the inscription, "Bequeathed by Mrs. William Atkinson, in memory of her late father, Thomas Webster, Esq.," placed thereon; a picture of Quick, the comedian, by De Wilde, dated 1790, to the National Portrait Gallery; a picture, "May Morning," by Paris, and two pictures, "David with Goliath's Head" and "Portrait of Miss Lushington as a Bacchante," by her aunt, Miss Mary Webster, to the South Kensington Museum; £1000 to the Female School of Art, Queen Square, to found a scholarship in perpetuity, to be named the "William Atkinson Scholarship" for the benefit of those studying at the said School of Art for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood; £500 each to the Indigent Blind Visiting Society, Red Lion Square; the Artists' General Benevolent Institution,

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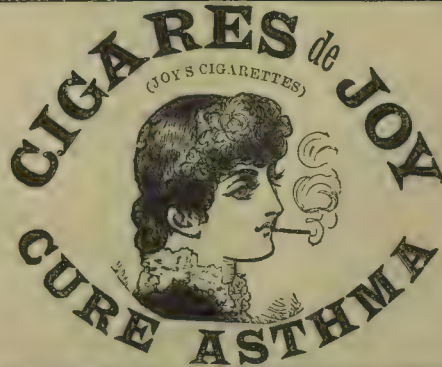
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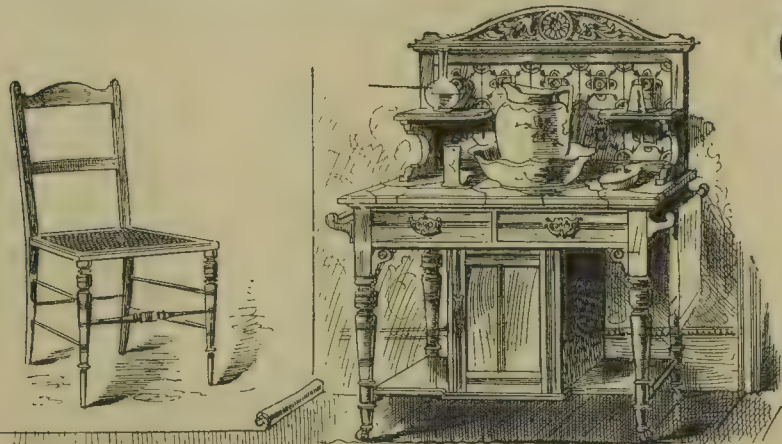
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for the relief of decayed artists of the United Kingdom; and the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain, for the maintenance of aged and indigent musicians; her diamond cross, earrings, and ring to be sold and the proceeds given to the Hospital for Incurables, Putney Heath; £16,000 to her nephew William Hancock; £16,000, upon trust, for her nephew Thomas Webster Hancock; and many other legacies. Subject as aforesaid, she leaves all her personal estate to the St. Pancras and Northern Dispensary (Euston Road), the Hospital for Women (Euston Road), the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the Home for Little Boys (Farningham), the Idiot Asylum (Earlswood), the City Mission, the Scripture Readers' Association, the National Benevolent Institution (Southampton Row), the Model Soup Kitchen (357, Euston Road), and the Female Reformatory and Home (Euston Road) in equal shares.

The will (dated June 18, 1891) with two codicils (dated Nov. 26, 1893, and May 3, 1894), of Sir Charles Henry Tempest, Bart., of Heaton, Lancashire, and of Broughton Hall, near Skipton, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 1, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Oct. 15 by the Right Hon. Mary Ethel, Baroness Beaumont, the daughter, and Edward Petre, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000.

The testator devises all his freehold hereditaments to his daughter, Mary Ethel, for life, with remainder to her first and every other son successively, according to their respective seniorities in tail male; and his copyhold and leasehold properties he leaves upon trusts corresponding with the uses declared of his real estate. He bequeaths £100 to his brother, Arthur Cecil; all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, household effects, horses and carriages to his daughter; and the residue of his personal estate, upon trust, for his daughter, for life, and then for her children or remoter issue as she shall by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated March 17, 1892) with a codicil (dated Sept. 11, 1893) of Mr. Edward Allesley Boughton Ward Boughton Leigh, D.L., J.P., of Brownover Hall, Warwickshire, who died on May 25, at Vevey, Switzerland, was proved on Nov. 3 by Mrs. Ellen Caroline Boughton Leigh, the widow, and Frederick Lucas Capron, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate upon trust for his son, Henry Allesley Boughton Leigh.

It may be interesting to those who put their faith in Mariani Wine to learn that a telegram has reached the company ordering an immediate consignment to be sent for the Czarina of Russia.

OBITUARY.

LADY FRANCES HOWARD.

Lady Frances Margaret Howard, daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Suffolk, and formerly Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Kent, mother of her Majesty the Queen, died at her residence, Cowley Grove, Uxbridge, on Nov. 11, aged seventy-seven.

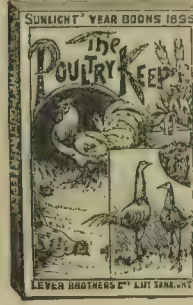
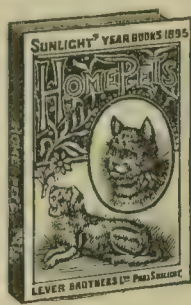
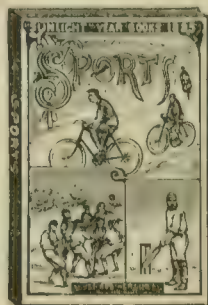
LORD CARBERY.

The Right Hon. Sir William Charles Evans-Freke, of Carbery, county Cork, Ireland, eighth Lord Carbery, and a Baronet, died on Nov. 7. He was born in 1819, and succeeded his brother Nov. 25, 1889, and the following year was elected a Representative Peer for Ireland. He was formerly Captain in the Rutlandshire Militia. He acted as High Sheriff of Rutlandshire in 1862. He married, first, April 23, 1840,

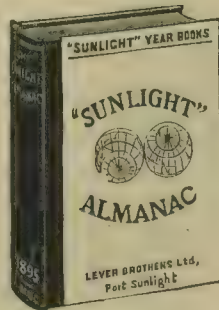


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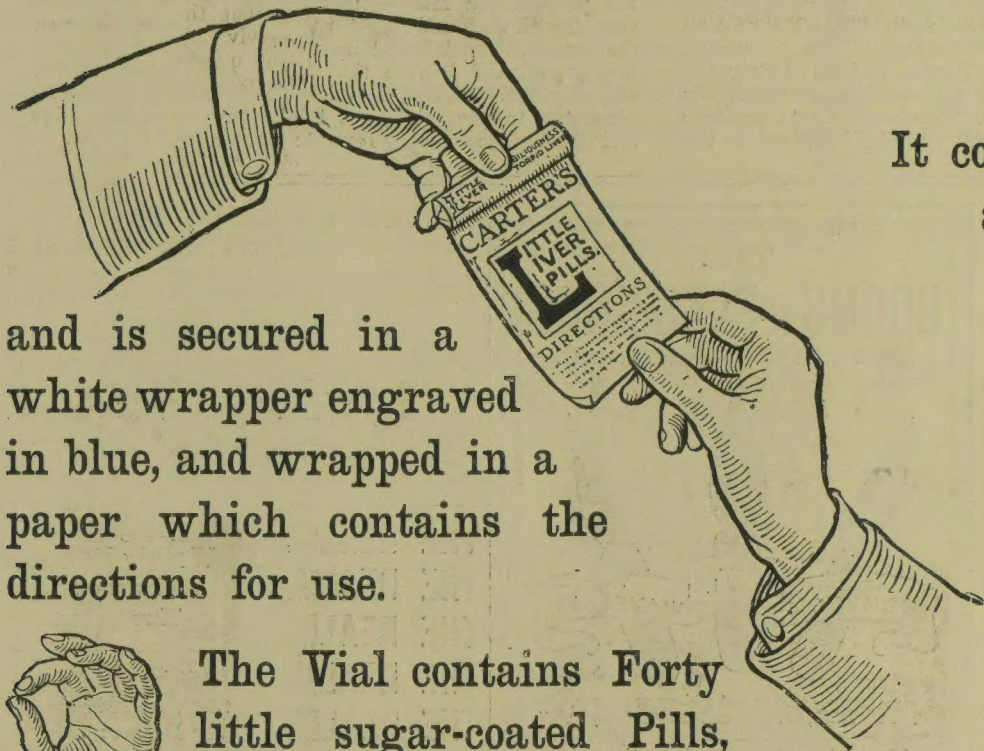
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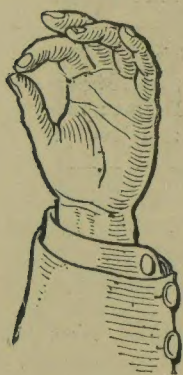


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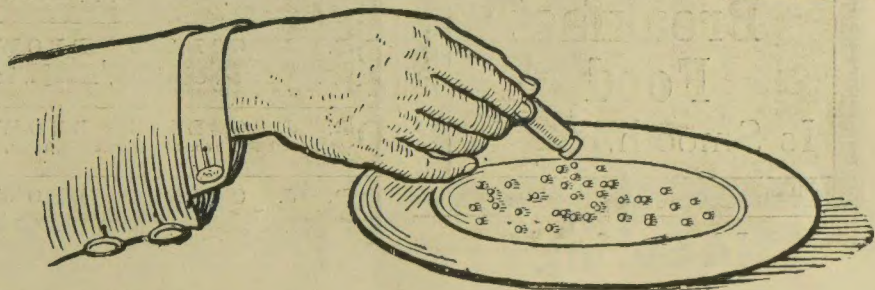
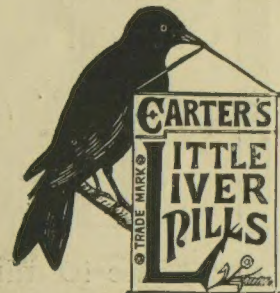


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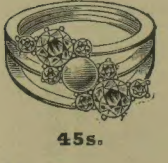
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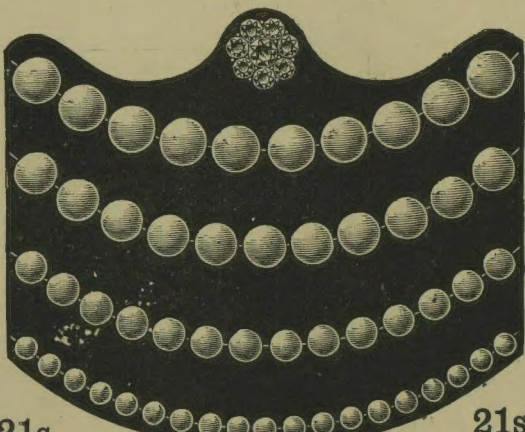


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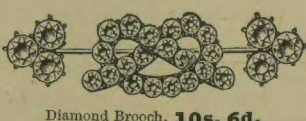
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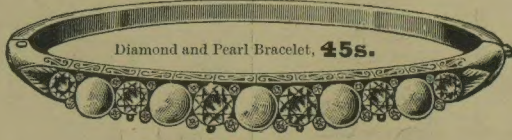
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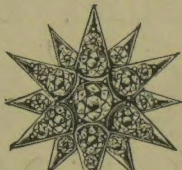


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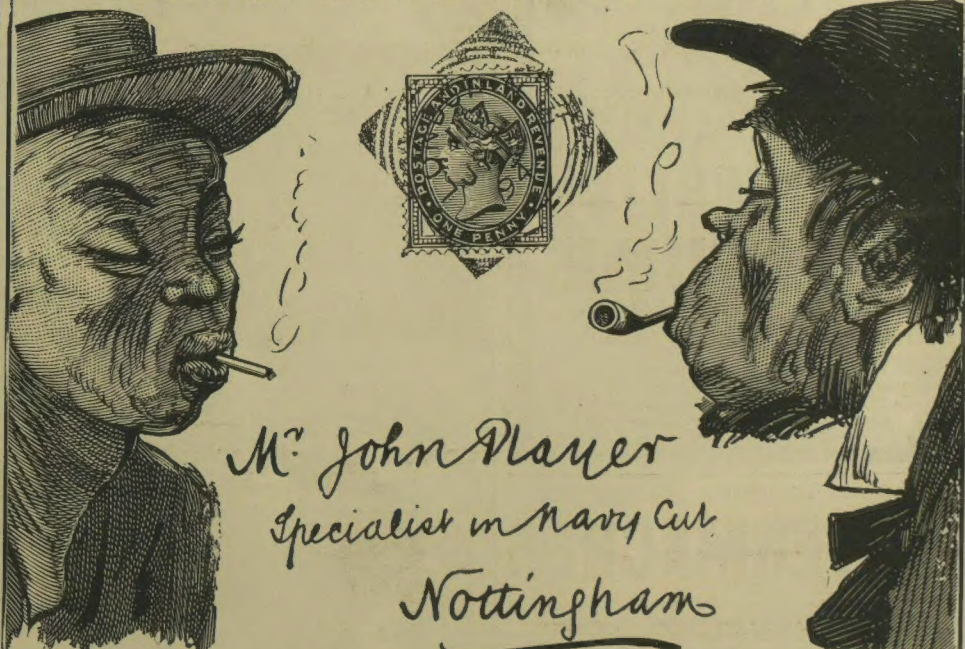


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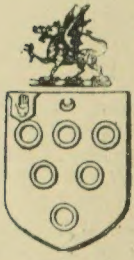


Diamond Brooch, 16s.

Sophia, third daughter of the fifth Earl of Harborough, and widow of Sir T. Whicheote, Bart., which lady died in 1851; and secondly, Dec. 15, 1866, Victoria, daughter of the second Marquis of Exeter, K.G. His eldest son, the Hon. Algernon Evans-Freke, succeeds him. The new Peer was born in 1868, and was formerly Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment.

SIR C. H. LOWTHER, BART.

Sir Charles Hugh Lowther of Swillington, in the county of York, second Baronet, died at Swillington House, Leeds, on Nov. 7. He was the youngest son of the first Baronet, and was born Sept. 26, 1803. He married May 10, 1834, Isabella, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Robert Morehead. He succeeded to the title June 23, 1868. The deceased Baronet was blind for the whole of his life, but manifested nevertheless a keen interest in all that went on around him. He is succeeded by his grandson, Mr. Charles Bingham Lowther, who was born July 22, 1880.



We have also to record the deaths of—

Lady Mellor, widow of Sir John Mellor, a Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, on Nov. 6.

Major-General Reginald Curtis, on Nov. 5, aged sixty-five.

The Rev. P. A. Ilbert, father of Mr. C. P. Ilbert, the well-known Indian authority, on Nov. 10.

Dr. Walter Dickson, R.N., formerly medical Inspector to her Majesty's Customs, on Nov. 9, aged seventy-three.

The Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W., has for the last sixteen years been one of the most comfortable and enjoyable resorts for concerts and entertainments of all sorts. Perfect freedom from outside noise has won for the hall the approbation of great reciters like Mr. Clifford Harrison, whose "Steinway Saturdays" have become an institution greatly beloved by London society. Lately, the hall has been redecorated, with the result that its excellency has been even more enhanced. The electric light now sheds its cool clear radiance and is an additional aid to the

admirable ventilation which has always been a feature of Steinway Hall. At Mr. Harrison's recitals on Saturday afternoons there are the same refinement and variety observable in his elocution and in the programmes as have made him *facile princeps* among elocutionists.

The London Chamber of Commerce has passed a resolution that the extension of light railways and steam and electric tramways would exercise a great and beneficial influence on the internal trade of the country, and that the facilities for their construction should be increased. A committee was appointed to consider the Board of Trade circular on the subject and select delegates to represent the Chamber at the proposed conference.

A meeting of the Society of Friends, held in London, has published a minute stating that the Society have viewed with profound regret the revival of controversy on the London School Board upon the question of religious instruction, and believe that the unwise action of the majority of the present Board is calculated, if persisted in, ultimately to bring about the total exclusion of the Bible and of religious teaching from its schools.

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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1894.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1893.

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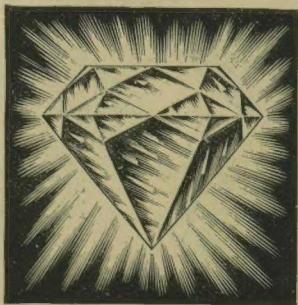
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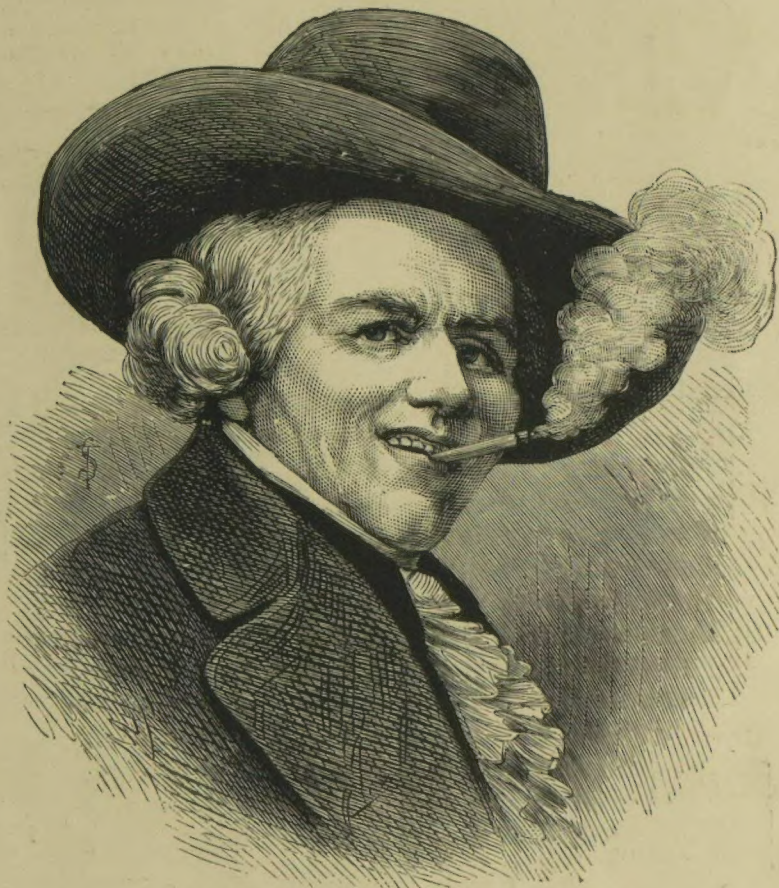
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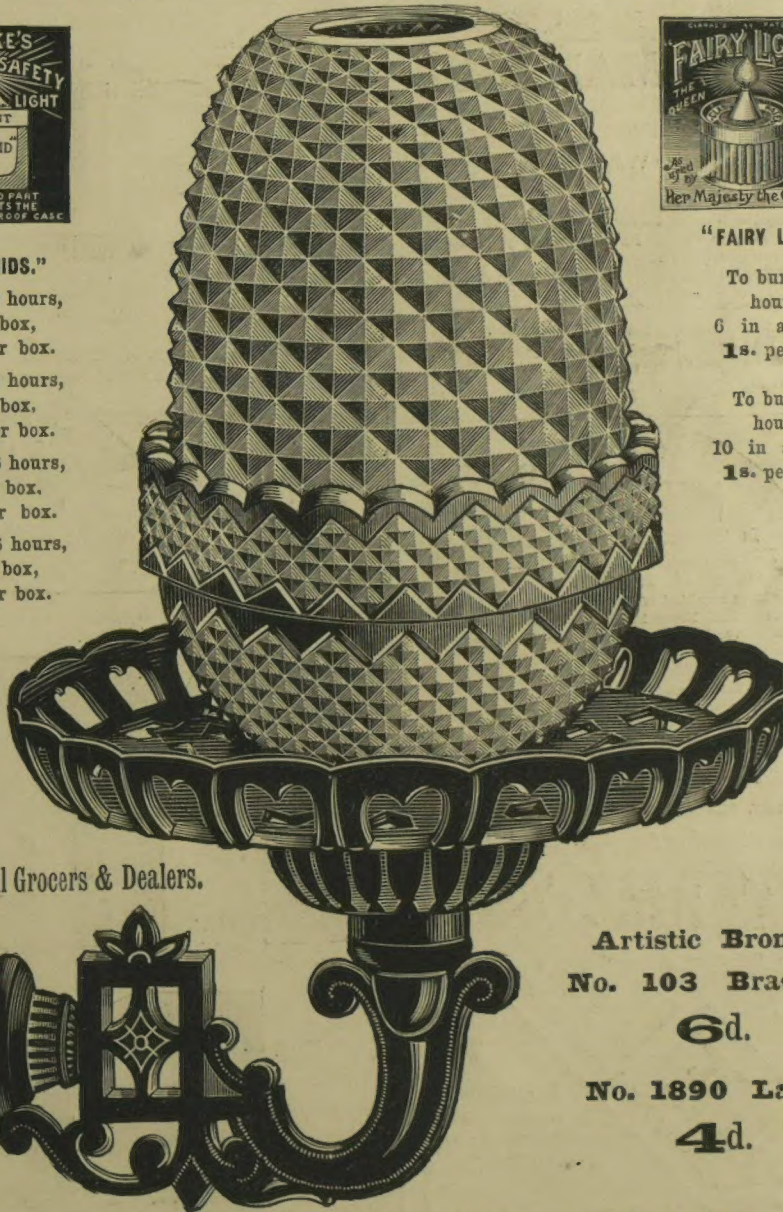
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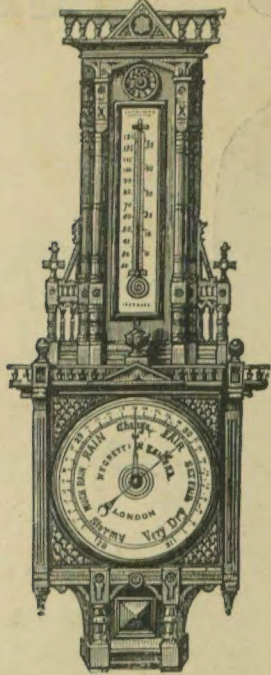
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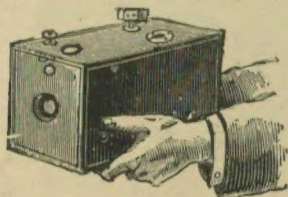
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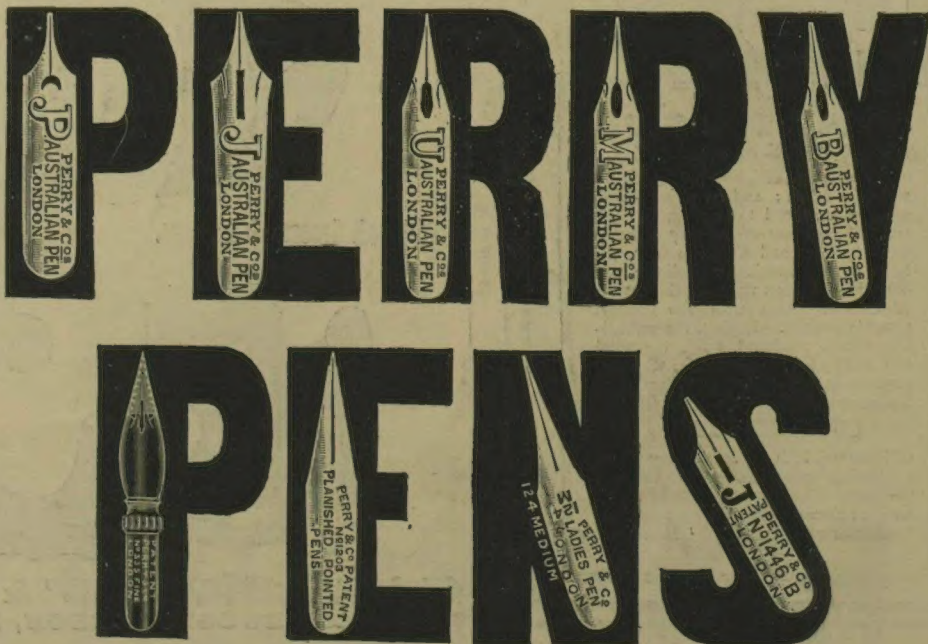
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